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L 112.

TAYLOR INSTITUTION

BEQUEATHED

TO THE UNIVERSITY

BY

2806 f. 74

A Pill to purge State-Melancholy:

OR, A

COLLECTION

OF

Excellent New Ballads.

A Ballad to their Merit may
Moſt juſtly then belong;
For why, they've given all away
To Lewis *for a Song.*

Vid. Collection, *p.* 127.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year M.DCC.XV.

THE Publiſher's PREFACE.

A Book without a Preface or Introduction, may be ſaid to reſemble all theſe old-faſhion'd Similitudes: It looks like a Face without a Noſe, like a Dial without a Gnomon, a Church without a Porch, an Upper Floor without a Balcony, an Antient Lady without her Spruce Gentleman-Uſher, a Kitchen without a Cook, a Cellar without a Butler; and which is not old, it is like the late Lord Treaſurer's Gate without Read *the Porter to let you in.*

In plain Engliſh, *The World is made up of an odd Sett of Formal Fellows, with whom if you deſign to ſucceed, you muſt uſe abundance of Ceremony. A Man muſt be acquainted with the Perſons he is to meet, before you ſhou'd venture to bring him into their Company; and you muſt give him a Hint of their Humours, before he can enter into any ſort of Converſation with them. It is upon this account, that my Curious or Courteous Reader meets with this ſhort Preface; the Uſe of which is, to bring him acquainted with thoſe merry facetious Compa-*

nions, the Ballads, that follow after: with whom he is invited to ſpend ſome of his leiſure Hours.

This Introduction may therefore very naturally be compar'd to a Biſhop's Verger, who goes before his Maſter to remove all that ſtand in the way, that the Prelate, who is behind, may paſs with the more Eaſe and Reſpect.

There is a ſort of Animal, who with long Attendance at the inſide of a Counter, where he has been Maſter of no one Science but Arithmetick, has by the ſcraping together abundance of Mony, loſt the Senſe of all other Amuſements; ſuch an one I don't expect ſhou'd befriend me upon this occaſion. Horace *has given his Character at full length in his* Ars Poetica:

> Romani Pueri longis rationibus aſſem
> Diſcunt in partes centum diducere: dicat
> Filius Albini, ſi de quincunce remota eſt
> Uncia, quid ſuperat? poteras dixiſſe, triens: eu,
> Rem poteris ſervare tuam. Redit uncia; quid fit?
> Semis. At hæc Animos ærugo & cura Peculi
> Cum ſemel imbuerit, ſperamus Carmina fingi
> Poſſe, &c. Verſ. 325.

From a Man like this, I hope for no manner of Aid or Encouragement. No! He will look with Indignation upon a Pocket Volume of Songs; and perhaps declare, that if he muſt have a Book to carry about with him, there is none ſo neceſſary as Caſtaigne's *Intereſt-Table.*

There is another ſort of Creature whom I am more afraid of, and that is the Grave Old Pedant, whoſe Beard outgrown his Underſtanding, and whoſe Noſe has long

groan

groan'd under the Weight of a heavy Pair of Spectacles; one who by long poring in Volumes of Dulneſs and Reams of Nonſenſe, has acquir'd a Taſte for them and nothing elſe. Such a Man will with great warmth proteſt againſt giving away his Mony for a Song. " *When there are, ſays he, ſo* " *many noble Treatiſes full of ſound Erudition already pub-* " *liſh'd to the World, who can expect that a Man can* " *ſpare any of his Mony for a Piece, ſo trifling and ſuper-* " *ficial as a Collection of Ballads? For, continues he, if* " *my Mind lies towards Learning, and I wou'd divert* " *my ſelf among Books, who can imagine that I ſhou'd* " *throw away my Time upon Dittys, as long as there are* " *ſuch copious, correct, and uſeful Hiſtorys, as* Rabelais's " Garagantua, *Dr.* Brady's *Introduction to the* Engliſh *Hi-* " *ſtory, the Renown'd Hiſtory of the Seven Champions of* " Chriſtendom, *Mr.* Collier's *Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, and* " *that worthy Gentleman Mr.* Bromley's *Hiſtory of his* " *Travels? As long as there are ſuch able Divines, as* " *the Author, or at leaſt Publiſher, of the* Peace at *U-* " *trecht; the Author of the* Tale of a Tub, *and the* " Project for the Advancement of Religion; *Mr.* Hobbes, " *Dr.* Welton, *and the never-to-be-forgotten Dr.* Sache- " verell; *and as long as there are ſuch wiſe and pene-* " *trating Politicians, as Dr.* Hickes, *Mr.* Leſley, *Mr.* Bed- " ford, John Dyer, *Mr.* Toby, *Mr.* Examiner, Abel Ro- " per, *Mr.* Monitor, Daniel de Foe, *and Mr.* Dennis: " *as long, ſays he, as there are ſuch Authors in Divinity,* " *Morality, and Politicks, as theſe; who can forſake the* " *Protection and Maintenance of them, to encourage a* " *trifling Ballad-ſinger?* "

After the Objections which I have here ſet down aga my Undertaking, I hope my Reader will be ſo courteou to permit me to ſtop the mouths of my Antagoniſts, l word or two, which I ſhall here ſay in honour of lads.

Homer, *the firſt and beſt of all the Poets, if we g give credit to the moſt antient Hiſtorians, was himſelf an old blind Ballad-ſinger: His Iliads, which are juſtly admir'd by all the Sons and Daughters of* Parnal *and claim an undoubted Precedence of all Poems, wer other than ſeveral Ballads, which the old Bard comp and ſung to the Quality of* Greece *for his Livelihoo much in the manner that Mr.* D'Urfey, *that quaint rick, chaunts his* Excellent New Songs *to the Quality* Great Britain: *but with this difference, that the la ſeems to have more of the Comick Spirit than his Gr Predeceſſor. And here I ſhou'd be highly to blame, co I neglect ſo fair an opportunity of informing my Rea that in this Collection of mine he will meet with ſome B lads of this Gentleman's compoſing; which will afford him ſmall Entertainment in the Reading, but infinitely mo if he can but procure the Author, with his uſual Air a Life, to ſing them to him. For this may be ſafely ſaid all Mr.* D'Urfey's *Airs, That many People might wr them, but no body con'd humour them like himſelf.*

And ſo begging pardon for this Digreſſion, I come to ſecond Inſtance of an Eminent Ballad-ſinger among the A tients: And that is the famous Virgil. *To paſs by Eclogues, which are praiſe'd Songs for his Shepherds ſing; and his* Georgicks, *which are plainly the Plow man's Ditty; his* Æneids, *which he wrote in imitati*

of Homer's Iliads, *were certainly nothing elſe but half a ſcore Ballads for the uſe of the* Roman *Youth. Nay, to put this out of all doubt, he begins his Work with*

Arma Virumque cano, &c.

Which our Ingenious Countryman has very faithfully and elegantly tranſlated thus:

I ſing the Man, read it who liſt,
A *Trojan* true, as ever piſs'd, *&c.*

To proceed farther, Horace's *five Books of* Odes *are allow'd by all good Judges, the Learned Hyper-Critick Dr.* Bentley *only excepted, to be ſo many pretty Songs compos'd by him on the Times; and differ from our Collection in this, that they are moſt of them on the Panegyrick, and ours on the Satire. Had I a mind to enlarge in this Vindication of the Honour and Antiquity of Ballads, I might ask you, what* Martial's Epigrams *were but Catches, or* Theocritus's Idylliums, *ſo famous for their Softneſs, but Love-Sonnets? After this, who would be aſham'd of Publiſhing a Collection of Ballads?*

It is indeed, if I may ſo far aſſume the Stile of a Judg, a Species of Poetry, in which the Engliſh *ſeem at preſent to excel all other Nations: and why there ſhou'd not be a Collection of Ballads, as well as of State-Poems, Love-Letters, Elegys,* &c. *I cannot ſee.*

There remains but one thing more to be ſaid in behalf of this Collection, which is, that theſe ſort of Songs have often been of the greateſt uſe. An Inſtance of this we had at

the

the late Glorious Revolution, in Lilli-bo-lero; *which ſo perfectly ſtruck in with the Humour of the People, that we feel ſome of the happy Conſequences of it to this very day. And as that Ballad was highly inſtrumental in ſinging out a Bad Monarch, ſo many of theſe have been as ſucceſsful in ſinging out a Bad M——r.*

Shou'd any Reader be deſirous to know, why, of all times, I ſhou'd have choſen to put out my Ballads now; I have but this ſhort Anſwer to give him: I was afraid, unleſs I made haſte, that ſome Great Men wou'd die out of my way, and by that means my Satires wou'd loſe half their Poinancy. For Wit in that reſpect, is like a Flea, which never bites a Man but while he has Blood in his Body.

Having ſaid thus much to juſtify my ſelf in this Undertaking, I ſhall not concern my ſelf about any farther Objections or Cenſures, nor any longer detain my Reader from that, which will afford infinitely more Diverſion and Delight, than any thing elſe that I am capable of entertaining him withal.

I muſt only add a Parting Word or two, to inform him that he will find, I have generally plac'd my Ballads in the Order in which they came out. The whole Volume conſiſts of ſuch printed ones only as were approv'd by the beſt Judges, and of many more that were never made publick; and of theſe not a few done by Celebrated Authors. And thus much may ſerve for an Introduction to that which will not want a Recommendation.

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A Health to the late Miniſtry :
Now, now comes on the Tories Year. ——

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I'll tell you a Story, a Story moſt merry. ——

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A COLLECTION OF SONGS.

A Song in praiſe of our Three Fam'd Generals. Tranſlated from the French *by Mr.* Durfey.

I.

FILL every Glaſs, and recommend 'em,
We'll drink our three Generals Health at large;
For whereſoe'er theſe Heroes march,
Conqueſt renown'd is ſure t'attend 'em:
Fill every Glaſs, and recommend 'em,
We'll drink our three Generals Health at large.

2.

Whatever ſhone ſo bright in Story,
As Fame that adorns Brave *Marlborough :*
Whatever ſhone, *&c.*
Shocking our Glaſſes that o'erflow,
Celebrate then his laſting Glory :
Whatever ſhone, *&c.*

3.

Drink next then to that grand Commander,
Eugene the Delight of all the Brave :
Drink next, *&c,*
Who Laurel Wreaths is ſure to have
Where'er he comes, like *Alexander :*
Drink next, *&c.*

4.

To *Auverquerque* exalt your Glaſſes,
And juſt to his Valour let us be :
To *Auverquerque*, &c.
Who tho not youngeſt of the three,
For brave Exploits there's few ſurpaſſes :
To *Auverquerque*, &c.

5.

But now around, Boys, Joy maintaining,
Fill, fill 'em like mine up to the brink :
But now around, *&c.*
Health to the Glorious *Queen* I drink,
Let her o'er all the Globe be reigning :
But now, *&c.*

6.

The Sham Pretender, Prince of *Wallia*,
The Prig they ſent o'er to be our King ;
[redacted] Sham, *&c.*

When the bold *Scots* own'd no ſuch thing,
Fled like a Devil home to *Gallia*:
The Sham, *&c.*

7.

Did we love Honour's kind Careſſes
Like Toping, we all Heroes ſhould be:
Did we love, *&c.*
For 'mongſt our Cups perpetually
We ſhould be ſure of grand Succeſſes,
Did we love, *&c.*

A New Health to the Duke of Marlborough, *with a Stanza in honour of the Prince of* Hannover *and Prince* Eugene; *on occaſion of the Victory at* Audenarde. *The words by Mr.* Durfey.

1.

SING Mighty *Marlborough*'s Story,
Mars of the Field,
He paſſes the *Scheld*;
And to encreaſe his Glory,
The *French* all fly or yield.
Vendoſm drew out, to ſpite him,
Th' Houſhold Troops to fright him;
Princes of the Blood
Got off as they cou'd,
But ne'er durſt turn to fight him.

2.

Marlborough's a brave Commander,
He conducts us
Into the Field,
As bold as *Alexander*,
He'll die before he'll yield.
Sound the Trumpet, ſound, Boys;
Let each Man ſtand his ground, Boys;
Ne'er let us flinch,
Nor give back an inch:
And ſo let his Health go round, Boys.

3.

This is the Year of Wonders,
The Gendarms gor'd
With Bullet and Sword,
Quake when the General thunders:
Almanza was the Word.
Sound the Trumpet, ſound, Boys;
This to his Health be crown'd, Boys;
Circle his Brows
With freſh Oaken Boughs,
And thus let the Glaſs go round, Boys.

4.

Now we've made a Motion,
Eugene the Brave
A Second ſhall have;
And could we tope an Ocean,
His Due we hardly give.
Still there's one more muſt be, Boys;
Hannover makes 'em up three, Boys:
Three in a Hand
I'll drink to my Friend,
And ſo let us all agree, Boys.

An Hiſtorical Account of the Battel of Audenarde.

1.

YE Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your Ears,
I'll ſing you a Song if I can;
How *Lewis le Grand*
Was put to a ſtand
By the Arms of our Gracious Queen *Anne*.

2.

How his Army ſo great
Had a total Defeat,
And cloſe by the River *Dender*;
Where his Grandchildren twain,
For fear of being ſlain,
Gallop'd off with the Popiſh Pretender.

3.

To a Steeple on high,
The Battel to ſpy,
Up mounted theſe clever Young Men:
But when from the Spire
They ſaw ſo much Fire,
Moſt cleverly came down again.

4.

Then on horſeback they got,
All on the ſame ſpot,
By Advice of their Couſin *Vendoſm*:
O Lord! cry'd out he
Unto young Burgundy,
Would your Brother and you were at home.

5.

While this he did ſay,
Without more delay,
Away the young Gentry fled;
Whoſe Heels for that Work
Were much lighter than Cork,
Tho their Hearts were as heavy as Lead.

6.

Not ſo did behave
Young *Hannover* Brave,
In this bloody Field, I aſſure ye;
When his War-Horſe was ſhot,
He valu'd it not,
But fought it on foot like a Fury.

7.

Full firmly he ſtood,
As became his high Blood,
Which runs in his Veins ſo blue:
For this gallant Young-Man,
Being a-kin to Queen *Anne*,
Did as, were ſhe a Man, ſhe would do.

8.

While Death flew about,
Aloud he call'd out,
Hoh! you Chevalier of *St. George*,
If you'll neither ſtand,
By Sea nor by Land,
Pretender, that Title you forge.

9.

What a racket was here,
I think 'twas laſt Year,
a little Misfortune in Spain?

For by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the Puts in,
To loſe all they're worth this Campaign.

10.

Tho *Bruges* and *Ghent*
To *Monſieur* we lent,
With Intereſt they ſhall repay 'em:
While *Paris* may ſing,
With her ſorrowful King,
Nunc Dimittis inſtead of *Te Deum.*

11.

From this Dream of Succeſs
They'll awaken, we gueſs,
At the Sound of Great *Marlborough's* Drum:
They may think, if they will,
Of *Almanza* ſtill,
But 'tis *Blenheim* wherever he come.

12.

O *Lewis* perplex'd,
What General next?
Thou haſt hitherto chang'd in vain;
He has beat 'em all round;
If no new ones are found,
He ſhall beat the old over again.

13.

We'll let *Tallard* out,
If he'll take t'other bout;
And much he's improv'd, let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham* Ale
At every Meal,
And good Beef and Pudding in's Belly.

But as Loſers at Play
Their Dice throw away,
While the Winners do ſtill win on;
Let who will command,
Thou had'ſt better disband,
For, old Bully, thy Doctors are gone.

A New Song, the Words by Mr. Eſtcourt.

1.

YOU tell me, *Dick*, you lately read,
That we are beaten in *Spain:*
But prithee, Boy, hold up thy Head,
And we'll beat them twice for it again.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

2.

Is this the Courage you us'd to boaſt?
Why, thou art quite caſt down:
You can reflect on what we've loſt,
But ne'er think what we've won.
With a fa, la, &c.

3.

What tho *Jack Spaniard* crack and bounce,
He ne'er ſhall do ſo again;
We took more Towns from them laſt year,
Than now they have taken Men.
With a fa, la, &c.

4.

In War and Gaming it is the ſame,
According to the old Saying;

Who is ſure to conquer every Game,
Quite loſes the pleaſure of playing.
With a fa, la, &c.

5.

Now we have got a Man whoſe Name
Is *Johnny Marlborough:*
The beaten *French* have felt his Fame,
And ſo ſhall the *Spaniards* do.
With a fa, la, &c.

6.

And ſince we cannot juſtice do
To every Victory,
In a hearty Glaſs our Zeal let's ſhow
To our General's Family.
With a fa, la, &c.

7.

For he has eight fair Daughters,
And each of them is a Charmer;
There's Lady *Rialton*, *Bridgwater*,
Fine *Sunderland*, Lady *Mounthermer*,
With a fa, la, &c.

8.

The other four ſo charming are,
They will with Raptures fill ye;
There's Lady *Helchin*, *Schellenberg*,
Bright *Blenheim*, and Lady *Ramilly*.
With a fa, la, &c.

9.

The laſt were got ſo fair and ſtrong,
As in Story ne'er was told;
The firſt four always will be young,
And the laſt will never be old.
With a fa, la, &c.

10.

At every Feaſt e're we all are deceas'd,
And the Service begins to be hard;
'Tis ſurely your Duty to toaſt a young Beauty,
Call'd Mademoiſell *Audenarde.*
With a fa la, &c.

11.

All Joy to his Grace for the ninth of his Race,
She's as fair as moſt of the former;
But where is that he, dares ſo impudent be,
To compare her to Lady *Mounthermer?*
With a fa la, &c.

12.

And now to make thy Hopes more ſtrong,
And make you look like a Man;
Remember that all theſe belong
To the Queen of *Great Britan.*
With a fa la, &c.

13.

Then prithee, *Dick,* hold up thy head,
Altho we were beaten in *Spain*;
As ſure as Scarlet Colour's red,
We'll beat 'em twice for it again.
With a fa la, &c.

1.

DEareſt *Philip,* my Grandſon of *Spain,*
The Fates have call'd thee to *Paris* again;
Fly, comply, O let it be ſoon;
To Grand-Mamma *Maintenon*:

remember, my Dear, that *Liſle*'s
o further from *Paris* than fourſcore Miles.

2.

nother *Burgundy*'s us'd to make haſte,
re my *Philip* can run too as faſt;
o but think Great *Marlborough*'s behind,
hen you'll fly as ſwift as the Wind.
in hopes that we ſoon may meet,
remain, Grand-Papa, but ſign *Lewis Petite*.

A *Song on the Victory gain'd over the* French *by the Duke of* Marlborough *and Prince* Eugene, *and alſo the taking of* Mons. *The Words by Mr.* Durfey.

NOW Cannon-Smoke clouds all the Sky,
And through the gloomy Wood,
rom every Trench the Bougers fly,
Beſmeer'd with Duſt and Blood.
Vhilſt Valour's Palm is ours in fight,
And *Mons* to Terms we bring:
et bragging *Boufflers* vainly write
Falſe Wonders to the King;
ate reſolves to end the War,
nd *Lewis* like a falling Star,
Though late he ſat on high,
A Meteor of the Sky,
Shall from his place remove,
Whilſt Europe o'er does rove,
ith welcome Olive Branch, the peaceful Dove.

2. Hail

2.

Hail mighty *Marlborough*, great *Eugene*,
Thanks for your glorious Toil;
And 'mongſt the beſt of martial Men,
Naſſaw and Brave *Argyle*;
Warriors in Honour's Bed who lie,
Whoſe Fame ſhall ever ſpring;
Take for Reward perpetual Joy,
Whoſe great Renown we ſing.
Monſieur, Monſieur, leave off *Spain*;
To think to hold it, is in vain:
Thy Warriors are too few,
Thy Marſhals muſt be new,
Worſe Loſſes will enſue;
Then without more ado,
Be wiſe, and ſtraight call home *Petite Anjou*.

3.

Forty long Years thou haſt in Gore
Been dabbling up and down,
Seek now Imperial Crowns no more,
But plot to ſave thy own.
Sweden the Buckler to thy Arm,
Fomenter of the War,
Who kept thy blind Ambition warm,
Flies from the frozen Czar.
Fill then a Glaſs each *Britiſh* Heart,
From this great Health let no one ſtart;
Here's to our happy Queen,
To *Marlborough* and *Eugene*,
And thoſe that ſhortly mean
To wade the River *Sein*;
'Tis, *'tis a* Cordial rare, to cure the Spleen.

A Song occaſion'd by the taking of Liſle. *The Words by Mr.* Durfey.

1.

GRAND *Lewis*, let Pride be abated,
Thy Marſhals have all had a Foil;
Boufflers like *Tallard* is ill-fated,
And *Vendoſm* remembers the *Dyle*.
Thy Hand is quite out at Invaſions,
And ſpite of thy Fortifications,
Brave *Eugene* has taken *Liſle*.
Tho one day *Burgundy*
Was merry with *Berry*,
And bragg'd the Queen's Troops he would ſcourge;
Make *Britons* and Great-Ones
This Summer run from her,
And own Chevalier de *St. George*:
Tho the Crump too that Seaſon
Got *Bruges* and *Ghent* by Treaſon,
We'll make him e'er long diſgorge.

2.

A pox of your Race of High-fliers,
That late on the Battlements ſtood;
Who ſhew'd to get out of the Bryars,
What Princes you had of the Blood.
And well fare the Gallant *Hannover*,
Who late his high Birth to diſcover,
Charg'd as a young Hero ſhou'd.
'Tis ſaid too, who fled too,
Were ſnapt ſo, and cropt ſo,
They never could face us again:

That Cunning or Running
Won't better the matter,
They ſhun mighty *Marlborough* in vain.
And Monſieur, t'alarm ye,
If once more he *Hochſtets* your Army,
We'll give ye no thanks for *Spain*.

3.

Thy Troops can do nothing but rattle,
Brave *Webb* the Diſcovery begun;
Who prov'd at the *Wivendale* Battle,
How faſt thy Mob Army could run.
His Valour ſhall flouriſh in Story,
And thus while he adds to our Glory,
His own will out-poſt the Sun.
Forgetting that beating
A hearty bold Party
Late march'd toward *Bruſſels* fair Town;
There bouncing and clattering,
With Cannon for battering,
The *Electoral Hotſpur* ſat down.
But when ſome time after
Our Generals croſs'd o'er the Water,
Away the wild Gooſe was flown.

4.

Bavaria, this ſhameful Diſaſter
Not half yet repays thy paſt Ill,
For firſt being baſe to thy Maſter,
And afterwards falſe to King *Will*.
And if 'tis thy ſimple Opinion,
Le Roy can reſtore thy Dominion,
Parbleu thou art frantick ſtill.

Purſuing his Ruin,
We're marching and charging,
Reſolv'd on a Winter's Campaign:
Cold, Snowing, and Blowing,
In Terrour are ſhowing,
Great *Marlborough* and Glorious *Eugene*.
We'll ſtorm too like Thunder
Vile Towns that are fated for Plunder,
And take 'em *l' Eſpee a la main*.

A Song on the taking of Doway *and* Aire. *By Mr.* Durfey.

1.

ONCE more the Great General home returns,
Glory and Victory run by his ſide;
Once more the Grand Teazer of *Chriſtendom* mourns,
In ſpite of Convulſions of *Gallick* Pride.
Doway and *Aire*
Conclude our Affair,
And *Dunkirk* next year
Will crown the Campaign.
Yet tho their Brags are repeating,
Tho they're continually beaten,
O Monſieur, what canſt thou mean?

2.

Read Annals of *Cæſar*, you there will ſee
Triumphs were order'd when Arms did excel;
Abate but one Gem of the Royal Degree,
And our lucky Warrior deſerves as well.

Story

Story extols
How *Cæſar* the *Gauls*,
With Routing and Falls,
Did nobly deſtroy.
Marlb'rough's were bolder and braver,
Great *Marlborough* ſucceſsful for ever,
O welcome him, *Britons*, with Songs of Joy.

A Song on the enſuing Campaign, 1709. *Written by Mr.* Durfey.

1.

NOW, now comes on the Glorious Year;
Britain has Hope, and *France* has Fear,
Lewis the War has coſt ſo dear,
He ſlily Peace does tender.
But our two Heroes ſo well know
The Breach of his Word ſome years ago,
They reſolve they will give him another Blow,
Unleſs he *Spain* ſurrender.

2.

Health to the Queen then ſtraight begin,
To *Marlborough* the Great, and to Brave *Eugene*,
With them let Valiant *Webb* come in,
Who late perform'd a Wonder.
Then to the Ocean an Offering make,
And boldly carouze to Brave Sir *John Leake*,
Who with Mortar and Cannon *Mahone* did take,
And made the Pope knock under.

3.

Beat up the Drum a new Alarm,
The Foe is cold, and we are warm;
The Monſieur's Troops can do no harm,
Tho they abound in Numbers.
Puſh them once more, and the War is done,
Old Men and Boys will ſurely run,
And we know we can beat 'em if four to one,
Which he too well remembers.

A New Song, to the Tune of Lilliburlero.

1.

IN the Days of Queen *ANNE*,
Deny it who can,
The poor King of *France* was on his laſt Legs;
And had been undone,
As ſure as a Gun,
But for ſome good Friends of honeſt *Will. Gregg's*:
H-rly, *H-rl-y*, *H-rl-y*, *H-rl-y*, *St. J-hn* and *H-rl-y*,
H-rc-rt and *H-ll.*
H-rl-y, &c.

2.

With an Orthodox Face,
Of Puritan Race,
Robin could banter each Parliament Man;
He knew how to ſpeak
Law, *Latin*, and *Greek*,
But when he ſpoke Truth, it was in *Japan*.
H-rl-y, &c.

3.

Pert *Harry* came next,
Whoſe Spirit was vex'd,
That any damn'd Whig durſt venture to
Was it not a Diſgrace
For a Man in his place,
To lie with a Witch, and pay ſo dear f
H-rl-y, &c.

4.

Not *Jefferies* nor *Catch*
Our *Simon* could match,
Nor no other Saint from the *Thames* to
Good-natur'd and True,
As a *Turk* or a *Jew*,
And much ſuch a Chriſtian as old *Simon*
H-rl-y, &c.

5.

This Triumvirate
With *Abigail* ſate,
Who ſwore by the Carbuncles of her ſw
No more the poor Church
Should be left in the lurch,
And none but true Tories ſhould have
H-rl-y, &c.

6.

All which to make good,
She ſolemnly vow'd
That *France* (in the nick) ſhould *Scotla*
That *Perkin* ſhould come
With Trumpet and Drum,
[redacted]*ay of* what *metal* that Council w
y, &c.

7.

'Tis nonſenſe to dream,
That a Birch with a Broom
Could ever contrive to lay ſuch a Scheme;
But that *Roger of York*
For ſo pious a Work,
Her Parts had improv'd by cutting of Phlegm.
H-rl-y, &c.

A New Ballad, to the Tune of Packington's Pound.

1.

YOU Vicars, and Curates, and Lecturers all,
Make haſte and repair unto *Weſtminſter-Hall*;
For there you may hear every one if you will,
No Trial at Bar, but a Trial of Skill:
For Low-Church and High
Their Strength are to try,
Where Queen, Lords and Commons are all to be by.
O *Cheverell!* O *Cheverell!* 'tis all long of thee,
Better thou wert hanged on the Triple-Tree.

2.

For *Cheverell* of *Southwark* a Sermon has preach'd,
For which by the Commons he now ſtands impeach'd;
'Cauſe it was ſuſpected this Sermon was meant
Againſt the good Queen, and her good Government:
Which if it appears
Before our wiſe Peers,
'Tis thought he will hardly eſcape with his Ears.
O *Cheverell*, &c.

3.

In which may be found that ſome Notions and Words
May paſs the Lord's Houſe, but not the Houſe of Lords.
Your Prieſtt-riding Doctrine is quite out of date,
Tho early you learnt it, you teach it too late:
Then mark what I cry,
To Churchmen that fly,
The lower you fall, the more you mount high.
O *Cheverell!* &c.

4.

But look what a Change of Affairs is here come,
Which ſhews that moſt Men are much frailer than ſome;
His Judges, 'tis true, have the Criminal caſt,
But then what a Sentence do you think they have paſt?
For ſtrangely inclin'd
To condemn, yet be kind,
Their Puniſhment lame, as their Juſtice is blind.
O *Cheverell!* &c.

5.

His Cure's turned *fine* Cure for his Offence,
With nothing to do but pick up the good Pence;
Wherefore 'tis believed when he preaches next,
He'll take ſpecial Care how to alter his Text:
For in Peril was he,
As great as might be,
Till by ſome falſe Brethren he quite was ſet free.
O *Cheverell!* &c.

6.

You Vicars, and Curates, and Lecturers all,
May go back again now from *Weſtminſter-Hall*;
Petition preach up, at the Government rail,
Dangers ſhall follow your ill-temper'd Zeal.

For far from diſcarded,
You ſhall be rewarded,
o knows by whom at length much regarded,
rell! O *Cheverell!* 'twere better for we,
u wert hanged on the Triple-Tree.

---

w Ballad on a late Strolling Doctor,
the old Tune of, Hey Boys! Up go
: *or what other you pleaſe.*

1.

D Folks, I pray, have you not heard
)f a Criminal of late,
s rode thro Town and Country too,
noſt pompous State?
ſt pompous State indeed,
rain of brainleſs Fools,
ag'd by ſome Knaves above,
nade their eaſy Tools.

2.

s a Man in holy Church,
epublican Renown
hty Eight, who labour'd hard * *The Revolution.*
ull his Sovereign down;
his Sovereign down to rights,
ſet up Glorious *WILL,*
veſt Prince that e'er before
Britiſh Throne did fill.

3.

But this ſame ſhuffling Prieſt has ſince
A ſilly Turn-coat prov'd,
And by his Paſſive Doctrine has
The Mob to Rebellion mov'd:
The Mob to Rebellion mov'd, (ah R — !)
Againſt the Church and Queen,
And all the Laws *impune*: ſure
The like was never ſeen.

4.

This Prieſt in all his Strollings met
With more than Fidler's Fare,
For he'ad Meat and Drink, and Yellow-boys,
And Women e'en to ſpare:
And Women e'en to ſpare, forſooth,
Thanks to their thick-ſkull'd Fools,
That were manag'd by ſome Knaves above,
And made their eaſy Tools.

5.

The *Levites* of this Jollity
Reſolving to partake,
Came thick and threefold into th' Croud
Juſt as at any Wake;
All to huzza, and ſhew themſelves
As errant Oaffs and Fools,
As e'er were rid by crafty Knaves,
That knew who were their Tools.

6.

And now to work they went full drive,
Addreſſes for to make;
And ſlap-daſh *Lives* and *Fortunes* all,
ns Senſe or Reaſon ſtake:

Sans Senſe or Reaſon ſtake, ſuch are
  Theſe wretched miſcreant Fools,
Who are manag'd by ſome Knaves above,
  And made their eaſy Tools.

7.

But would you gladly know, herein
  What was their main Intent?
Why, 'twas to have the Queen (God bleſs!)
  Call a new Parliament:
Call a new Parliament forthwith,
  To pleaſe theſe Tory Fools,
Who are manag'd by ſome Knaves above,
  And made their eaſy Tools.

8.

And ah! when that is once obtain'd,
  What next will be their Cry?
A Whirligig, a Turn-about,
  And Change of Miniſtry:
A Change of Miniſtry, no doubt,
  Would pleaſe theſe *Bedlam* Fools,
Who are manag'd, *&c.*

9.

But then to plague the Whigs, on whom
  They hope to wreak their Spite,
The Acts of Settlement they damn,
  For Hereditary Right:
For Hereditary Right, in hopes
  To pleaſe theſe High-Church Fools,
Who are manag'd, *&c.*

10.

But how do they confound this Right,
Both Human and Divine!
Her Majeſty's, and alſo that
Of th' *Hannoverian* Line!
This only's made a Stale, to draw
In *Country*-Puts and Fools,
Who are manag'd, *&c.*

11.

But now ſtand clear, for the Bellow is,
O the Danger of the Church!
Th' *Apoſtolick* muſt by no means
Be left in woful lurch:
But Non-Reſiſtance ſtoutly muſt
Be held up to old Rules,
Or elſe ſome Knaves above would loſe
Their new bigotted Tools.

12.

Pray God bleſs Queen *Anne*, and keep,
And mightily defend her
From all that ſooth her to her face,
Yet would bring in Pretender:
Yet would bring the Pretender in,
To undeceive thoſe Fools
Who have been manag'd by ſome Knaves,
That call'd them their n'own Tools.

The Tories Triumph on the News of the Pretender's Expedition to Switzerland, *alias* England. *Being a new Song to a merry old Tune, made in the Year* 1641. *reviv'd in* 1683. *and lately perform'd at the* Bell-Tavern *in* W———r.

1.

NOW, now the Whigs ſhall all go down,
The Tories up and ride;
The genuine Sons of C—— and C——n
On both ſhall get aſtride.
We'll damn thoſe ſtiff Republicans,
As low as low may be;
And whip and ſpur, we'll ſeize the Reins:
Then, hey Boys! up go we.

2.

We'll broach our Tubs, and Principles,
Of *October*'s Paſſive Growth;
And till our Clubs and Bottles fail,
Will ſtand and fall by both.
With theſe we'll rout their boaſted Cauſe
Of Legal Liberty:
Pretend the Church, to break the Laws;
Then, hey Boys! up go we.

3.

Their Meeting-Houſes we will gut,
And then, as we were wont,
We'll ſwear 'twas a Fanatick Plot,
And the Rogues themſelves have don't.

W

With *French* and Papiſts we will join,
To ſhew our Loyalty;
Sir *Perkin* up with Right Divine,
Then, hey Boys! up go we.

4.

We'll ſend our Fool the Country round,
His way for to prepare,
With Trumpet, Pipe, and Flag and Drum,
Like Cavalcade of Bear:
The Church's Danger ſo advance,
Tho in ſuch a Tool as he,
Will ſerve till better come from *France*:
Then hey Boys! up go we.

5.

We'll pray and curſe, addreſs and ſwear,
Pro-con the Revolution;
With *Hanover* confound the Heir
Of Paſſive Inſtitution.
The Legal Right to weaken thus,
Our Intereſt 'twill be:
For *Perkin* then comes next in courſe,
Then, hey Boys! up go we.

6.

To bring this bleſſed Change about,
We'll jumble and confound
Whig-Politicks, and Credit rout,
And ſo the Wheels go round:
Till having run our Rope's full reach,
With Mirth and merry Glee,
We *find* 'twill hold, as well as ſtretch;
Then, hey Boys! up go we.

A Health to the Preſent Conſtitution.

1.

FILL up the mighty ſparkling Bowl,
Let's join in a Health without controul,
To the pious Mem'ry of the Soul
That form'd the Revolution.
To all loyal Lads, here's three in a hand,
'Tis the Queen, and the Church, and the Laws of the Land;
May they one by the other firmly ſtand,
And guard our Conſtitution.

2.

Let's all join hands, and merry be,
Pledg you the Right, while the Left pledg me,
And in a Health let's all agree,
To celebrate the Union.
To North and South our Patriots all,
And mighty *Anne*, who gave the Call;
They've cruſh'd our Foes, who loud did baul
To ſeparate Communion.

3.

What does the Faction mean to do?
Dare they not honeſt be, nor true?
We'll give the Devil what's his Due,
As you may all remember.
Did not Sedition preach up high,
To rouze the *Jacks*, inrag'd to fly,
And pull from the Throne her M——y,
The fifth of laſt November? 1709.

4. With

4.

With pleaſure they view Old *England*'s Scars,
And ſtill would renew her Civil Wars,
For this they now foment new Jars,
And curſe the Toleration.
Nor need we doubt *Sa*——*ell*,
Hi——*ns* and *Le*——*ly* know full well,
That the Plan of the Plot was form'd in Hell,
To d—— n the *Britiſh* Nation.

5.

They pray for the Church, their Biſhops hate,
Swear to the Crown, diſown the State,
And wretched ſtuff they give of late,
To ſooth our Faith's Defender.
Their empty Tricks made all Men ſmile,
To ſee their Schemes themſelves beguile,
And think they're ſerving all the while
Their little ſham Pretender.

6.

What mighty Conteſt now and then,
Imploying both the Preſs and Pen,
'Twixt *Lord-knows-who* and Brother *Ben*,
To try the Force of Reaſon!
But in the end our wholeſom Laws,
With honeſt Hearts and deſerv'd Applauſe,
Are ſearching the Merits of the Cauſe,
Pray Fate it prove not Treaſon.

7.

In flowing Cups, let's friendly heal
The Jars in State or Commonweal,
The Health we drink let none conceal,
Our Noble Legiſlators.

'eace and Plenty bleſs their Seed,
leet and Armys ſtill ſucceed,
ı, Lords, and Commons all agreed,
ſpite of Conſpirators.

A New Ballad. To the Tune of Fair Roſamond.

1.

HENAS Q—— *A*—— of great Renown
Great Britain's Scepter ſway'd,
s the Church, ſhe dearly lov'd
lirty Chamber-maid.

2.

bi—— that was her Name,
ſtarch'd and ſtitch'd full well;
w ſhe pierc'd this Royal Heart,
mortal Man can tell.

3.

ver, for ſweet Service done,
Cauſes of great weight;
oyal Miſtreſs made her, Oh!
liniſter of State.

4.

:cretary ſhe was not,
iuſe ſhe could not write;
d the Conduct and the Care
ſome dark Deeds at Night.

5.

The important Paſs of the Back-Stairs
Was put into her Hand;
And up ſhe brought the greateſt R——
Grew in this fruitful Land.

6.

And what am I to do, quoth he,
Oh! for this Favour great?
You are to teach me Lies, quoth ſhe,
To be a Sl—— of State.

7.

My Diſpoſitions they are good,
Miſchievous and a Lyar;
A ſaucy, proud, ungrateful B——,
And for the Church entire.

8.

Great Qualities, quoth *Machivel*:
And ſoon the World ſhall ſee
What you can for your Miſtreſs do,
With one ſmall Daſh of me.

9.

In Counſel ſweet, Oh! then they ſat,
Where ſhe did Griefs unfold,
Had long her grateful Heart oppreſs'd.
And thus her Tale ſhe told.

10.

From Shreds and Dirt in low degree,
From Scorn in piteous State,
A Dutcheſs bountiful has made
Of me a Lady Great.

11.

Favours ſhe has heap'd upon
s undeſerving Head,
or to eaſe me from their Weight,
od God, that ſhe were dead!

12.

et me then ſome means find out,
s teazing Debt to pay:
, quoth he, to get her Place
uld be the only way.

13.

s than you ſhe muſt be brought,
can never ſee
ou can pay the Boons receiv'd,
en you are leſs than ſhe.

14.

guments lie in few words,
not the leſs in weight;
t with good ſucceſs we uſe
in Affairs of State.

15.

ſhe 'tis not to be withſtood,
uſh it, from this hour:
e grateful, or at leaſt
ave it in my power.

16.

e, ſince my poor Counſel gains
Favour in your eye,
ſmall Requeſt to make.
e you won't deny.

17. Some

17.

Some Bounties I like you have had
From one that bears the Wand,
And very fain I would, like you,
Repay them if I can.

18.

Witneſs ye Heavens! how I wiſh
To ſlide into his Place;
Only to ſhew him Countenance,
When he is in Diſgrace.

19.

Oh! would you uſe your Intereſt Great
With our moſt gracious Q——;
Such things I'd quickly bring about,
This Land hath never ſeen.

20.

Give me but once her Royal Ear,
Such Notes I'll in it ſound,
As from her ſweet Repoſe ſhall make
Her Royal Head turn round.

21.

He ſpoke, and ſtraightway it was done,
She gain'd him free Acceſs:
God long preſerve our Gracious Q——,
The Parliament no leſs.

22.

Now from this Hour it was remark'd,
That there was ſuch Reſort
Of many great and high Divines
Unto the Q——'s fair Court.

23.

ıs things that long were hid,
to come to light;
y of the Church's Sons
in a zealous Fright.

24.

d, with Sighs and anxious Looks,
eral abroad
more Battles than their Friends,
ench, could well afford.

25.

ıuch Mony had been ſent,
:edleſs things t'advance;
ıs time, as in Reigns paſt,
ıow ſhould come from *France*.

26.

:y ſpoke it out, and ſaid,
)f the laſt import,
: ſhould be a thorow Change
y, Fleet, and Court.

27.

l *Johnny Marlborough*
ly puſh'd things on,
ld he unto *Paris* go,
urch was quite undone.

28.

and pious Q—— gave ear
devout Advice;
t ſturdy *Sunderland*
ip'd up in a trice.

29.

Avaſt! cry'd out the Admiral,
No-near, you Rogues, no-near!
Your Ship will be amongſt the Rocks,
If at this rate you ſteer.

30.

With that the Man that kept the Cafe,
Slipt in a word or two;
Which made an old Acquaintance think
This Game would never do.

31.

He but one Eye had in his Head,
But with that one he ſaw
Theſe Prieſts might bring about his ears
A thing we call Club-Law.

32.

He on his Pillow laid his Head,
And on mature Debate
With that, and what his Wife reſolv'd,
To play a Trick of State.

33.

Like Dr. *Burgeſs* much renown'd,
Of one he did take care;
Then ſlipt his Cloke, and left the reſt
All in moſt ſad Deſpair.

34.

The Conſequence of this was ſuch,
Our good and gracious Q——,
Not knowing why ſhe e'er went ſtrong,
Came quickly right again.

35.

owever, taking ſafe Advice
From thoſe that knew her well,
e *Abigail* turn'd out of doors,
And hang'd up *Machiavel*.

A Ballad to the Tune of the Dame of Honour.

I.

ALL things are chang'd in Court and Town
Since *Sarah*'s happy Days, Sir:
ne who of late had ſcarce a Gown,
Now Q—— and Kingdom ſways, Sir.
he's neither Beauty, Birth nor Senſe,
Yet does controul the Nation;
matchleſs Stock of Impudence,
And blaſted Reputation.

2.

our Pounds a Year was her Eſtate,
Time alters her Condition;
Lady fine ſhe's grown of late,
And a wondrous Politician.
he ugly Jade to hope retires,
While others ſnore abed, Sir;
ith Bumpers ſhe augments thoſe Fires,
That make her Noſe ſo red, Sir,

3. The

3.

The Salamander of her Noſe,
That has been a Publick Tax, Sir,
Shall be an Offering to her Foes,
In ſpite of the Noſe of Wax, Sir.
Oh that ſome truly zealous Friend
Would give the Bitch a Potion,
While *Ox——d*'s Mouth, at lower end,
Were ſet to meet the Motion.

4.

Or that they'd ſend her brawny Bum,
As hard as Alablaſter;
'Twou'd make a pretty ſort of Drum,
To ſerve her little Maſter.
Oh may our Q——n in ſafety reign,
And *Marlb'rough* again protect her;
May he deſtroy the ſubtle Train
Of Courtiers that infect her.

5.

May he all *R——n*'s Tricks defeat,
However deeply laid, Sir:
And his whole Ruin to compleat,
Turn out the Chambermaid, Sir.
Then if the *French* ſhould ſend her King,
We'll turn her Touch-hole to him:
With Fire and Smoke, and t'other thing,
Oh! we ſhall quite undo him.

To the Tune of Cold and Raw.

1.

England, of late a Glorious State,
Made *France* to beat a Parley,
And ſue for Peace at any rate:
Who broke it off but *H*——y?
Who is it now concludes a Peace,
On *Perkin*'s ſide ſo fairly?
Some who are in the Q——n's good Grace,
Why *Abigail* and *H*—— y.

2.

Who put the Nation in a flame,
That coſt us now ſo dearly;
And turned out our Men of Fame?
Why *Abigail* and *H*——y.
If ever we ſee better Times,
And Juſtice acted fairly;
Who muſt be hang'd for theſe High Crimes?
Why *Abigail* and *H*——y.

To the Tune of Fair Roſamond.

1.

I Pray God bleſs our Gracious Q——
A Q—— of high Renown;
And fix upon her unfix'd Head
The tottering Britiſh Crown.

2.

Tottering, I think, it may be ſaid,
For ſo it ſeems to me,
From the Old Game that now is play'd
By the New Min——y.

3.

This Min——y is Tripartite,
Two He's and eke one She;
To match them, when they three unite,
The Devil himſelf muſt be.

4.

Firſt, *Harlequin*, a Man of Sleight,
As many Shapes can take,
As there are Stars in ſtarry Night:
Oh may the Q—— awake!

5.

And ſee this doubling tricking Wight
In his natural Shape:
O how her Hair would ſtand upright,
And Royal Mouth would gape!

6.

With him *Monoculus* does join,
Well taught by *France* and *Rome*
How to fob off the Rightful Line,
And bring ſweet *Perkin* home.

7.

Then to conſult theſe two did go,
But then they had forgot
That the Devil with *Adam* nought could do,
Till Eve join'd in the Plot.

8.

Therefore they flew to Female Aid,
And ſtraitway did agree,
That the Carbuncle Chambermaid
Should make one of the three.

9.

For none ſo fit an Inſtrument
To work the Works of Hell,
As e'er in Iſle or Continent,
Since Father *Adam* fell.

10.

Hereditary Right they us'd,
Their Miſtreſs to dumfound;
So ſadly was ſhe thus abus'd,
Her Royal Head turn'd round.

11.

Now when the Head is giddy grown,
What thereon is doth ſhake;
Therefore I call it tottering Crown:
Awake, O Q——, awake!

To the Tune of the Windſor Minuet.

1.

MAdam take care,
For *Robin* gulls you,
And lulls you
aſleep, you'll be betray'd.
He is a Rogue, a Rogue in grain,
that will do any thing for Gain.

Madam ev'n then
Diſcard this Villain,
With *Gillian*,
Your dirty Chambermaid.

2.

What tho ſhe tells
Fine Tales, ſhe ſhams you,
And flams you
With Lyes that all are *French*.
Robin and ſhe are both agreed
To ſet up *Perkin* ſoon in your ſtead,
Then look about,
And trounce thoſe Cheaters,
And Traitors,
Both *Robin* and his Wench.

3.

Hang them both up,
And put in their Places
Their Graces:
The Duke and Dutcheſs again.
And your old Steward, if you would prize,
Credit again would begin to riſe;
Lewis would then,
For fear, ſoon knuckle,
And truckle,
And give both *India* and *Spain*.

4.

God ſave the Queen
And Church, and mend us,
And ſend us
A good and laſting Peace.

Peace that will ſecure our Trade,
nd all the Proteſtant Acts we have made.
hich if it don't,
May all Peace-makers,
League-breakers,
drown'd in the *South-Seas*.

In Excellent New Song, call'd, Credit Reſtor'd, *in the Year* 1711. *To the Tune of,* Come prithee, *Horace,* hold up thy Head.

1.

ALL *Britons* rejoice at this Turn of the State,
Which reſcu'd from Plunder the Nation;
rom this happy Year you for ever may date
Of Credit the Reſtoration.
La, la, &c.

2.

o begin with the Bank, which the Learned aver,
Of Credit the Meaſure moſt true is;
flouriſhes ſo, that One Hundred Pounds there
Now at leaſt worth a Hundred and Two is.
La, la, &c.

3.

ho once it was more, as the Faction does boaſt,
Intrinſick Worth never can vary:
heir *Twenty and Seven,* they find to their coſt,
Like our *Two* is but Imaginary.
La, la, &c.

4.

And to ſhew that the Landed Intereſt riſes
In this happy Adminiſtration,
Our Navy for Cheeſe pays at leaſt double Prices,
And Hogs are in high Reputation.
La, la, &c.

5.

And thus whilſt our Stateſmen, with vigilant Care,
Made all ſuch Commodities dearer;
In the whole we have loſt one Year's Tax for the W
And therefore the Peace muſt be nearer.
La, la, &c.

6.

Next, open to all a Subſcription-Book ſtood,
In which if ſome Fools would not enter,
The Stateſmen not only propos'd what was good,
But they likewiſe compel'd them to venture.
La, la, &c.

7.

And ſuch fair Accounts the Subſcribers will ſee,
That ſurely there can be no loſing;
For *Sh——rd* and *Blunt* the Directors ſhall be,
With *More* of her M——y's chuſing.
La, la, &c.

8.

The Love of his Prince then whoever expects,
Or wiſhes his Fortune were double,
In *Mortimer's* Hole muſt lay all his Effects,
Where they never will give him more trouble.
La, la, &c.

9.

t the Door is now ſhut; and ſince all Men agree
Things ſtand upon ſolid Foundations,
oſe ignorant Wretches diſtracted muſt be,
Who can fear in this Court Alterations.
La, la, &c.

10.

d Earl *R——s* ſhall go to the Houſe of *Hannover*,
To fix the Right Hereditary:
now the Pretender can never come over,
Nor the ſettled Succeſſion miſcarry.
La, la, &c.

11.

d further ſo watchful our Rulers have been,
That *Perkin* ſhould never enſlave ye;
e Man, who preferr'd him to our Gracious Queen,
ſs not to preſide o'er the Navy.
La, la, &c.

12.

d leſs would they muſt the renown'd *R——gh*
n that Poſt, tho he much laid about him;
ey knew if he rambled the Continent thorough,
ea-Affairs would go better without him.
La, la, &c.

13.

the Seamen may gain, in the *South-Sea* Trade,
heir Pay, ſince ſo rudely they crave it:
l who can complain that a Debt is unpaid,
When the Lubbards for fetching may have it?
La, la, &c.

14. Thoſe

14.

Thoſe extravagant Rogues would have ſpent in
What they gain'd with much Danger and Tro
But our Governours prudent have found this De
That they might not their Families bubble.
La, la, &c.

15.

Great Schemes like to theſe might be well brough
Since the Perſons employ'd were not ſmall;
For who ſhould they be but the good *M*———*r,*
And the beautiful *Abigail?*
La, la, &c.

16.

Young *Cato* to them had the next mighty Share,
And all muſt acknowledg that he is
As buſy and warm in his * *Country's Affair,*
As in her own Hive any Bee is.
La, la, &c.

* Exam

17.

For an Inſtance of this, he in publick maintain'd,
That the *Debt was of mere Grace and Favour:*
Which tho this great Orator fully explain'd,
Yet her M———y paid it, God ſave her.
La, la, &c.

18.

Thus our Debts being clear'd from the fruitful *South-Sea,*
In Wealth we ſhall daily grow ſtronger:
Tho Stock-Jobbing fails, why diſmay'd ſhould we be,
Since we want to be truſted no longer?
La, la, &c.

19.

For a Box is juſt landed, by which we may find
Our Work done in *France* and *Peru* is;
And the long wiſh'd-for Peace already is ſign'd
Betwixt *Arthur M———* and King *Lewis*.
La, la, &c.

An Excellent New Song, call'd, An End to our Sorrows. To the Tune of, I laugh at the Pope's Devices.

1.

SING Praiſe to our Gracious Queen *Anne*,
Who quietly ſits on her Throne;
Having well got rid of a Clan,
That too ſaucily Wiſe were grown.

2.

For their Counſels (as well it is ſeen)
And Schemes were ſo very correct,
They left no Pow'r in the Queen,
Or Amendments to make or reject.

3.

Which was a juſt Cauſe to diſcard 'em,
And lodg the whole Power in *One*.
Heav'n, doubtleſs, will juſtly reward him,
If he finiſhes, as he'as begun.

4.

His Actions ſo wiſe are and juſt,
Without any ſiniſter Ends;
Altho he ſhould do, what his Truſt
Will not warrant, we will be his Friends.

5.

His Capacity's greater by far, than
Any Stateſman that e'er went before him;
Having paid a vaſt Debt to a farthing
Without Mony, for which we adore him.

6.

He'll Silver in Plenty bring home,
By the Trade fix'd in the *South-Sea*;
Which, if it do any thing come,
No doubt it will ſomething be.

7.

Our Credit was once at a ſtand,
But now 'tis reſtor'd again;
Since *Nine* or *Ten* does command
What with *Six* was endeavour'd in vain.

8.

And *Fifty per Cent.* has ſuch Savour,
'Twill always our Navy ſupply;
And who, for truſting his Favour,
Can give better Reaſons why?

9.

But this is but part of the ſum,
That to his great Wiſdom we owe;
A Peace he has under his Thumb,
That does all his great Actions outgo.

10.

By which, of the Ballance of Power
We need have no farther Care;
Since *Philip* of *Spain* ſhall reſtore
Ev'ry Inch that Old *Lewis* can ſpare.

11.

ne Act of Succeſſion ſhall be
Confirm'd to the Joy of the Nation;
f which, we all muſt agree,
That *Perkin* has no Expectation.

12.

f our Trade too, is taken great care;
Which cannot be reckon'd in vain;
or now we have nothing to fear,
If *France* does her Promiſe maintain.

13.

or th' Allies; the Queſtion is, Whether
(Such Care of our ſelves being taken)
'is material to keep 'em together,
To ſave one another's Bacon.

14.

'is a Work ſo hard to be done,
Each ſeparate State to pleaſe;
'is better to let it alone,
Than thereby to obſtruct ſuch a Peace.

15.

hile the Church, as eſtabliſh'd by Law,
Is fenc'd with ſuch Zealous Defenders;
s ſoon we may dread any Clauſe
That may favour the *Pope*, as *Diſſenters*.

16.

ll this being gain'd by the Peace,
Will ſure drive away all our Fears;
ſpecially ſince a long Leaſe
Is ſecur'd, of at leaſt Three Years.

17. Then

17.

Then ſing to the Praiſe and Glory
Of Her who ſits on the Throne;
Let every Whig and Tory
Be thankful for this when done.

18.

Till when, for better or worſe,
We impatiently wait the Succeſs;
Which a Bleſſing will be, or a Curſe,
Pray God, it may be for the beſt.

A New Ballad, to the Old Tune Chevy-Chaſe.

1.

GOD proſper long this Free-born Iſle,
And make to *Britons* known,
To talk of Peace is ſcarce worth while,
Unleſs 'tis good, or none.

2.

Tho Taxes may by Peace abate,
Yet what Man gains a Teſter,
If Skin be patch'd o'er broken Pate
Before we cure the Feſter.

4.

We have abjur'd; then reſt aſſur'd,
Ye Clergy or ye Laymen,
That noble Act muſt be ſecur'd,
Or elſe Lord help us! *Amen.*

4.

Heart's Vein dread *Europe's* Chain,
ere no thing more true is,
if *Spain* muſt appertain
'u, he is *Lewis*.

5.

he Queen if thus they mean,
'm old *Lew'* defend her;
and Five is no more Ten,
e is our Pretender.

6.

King *Will*, and ſo would ſtill,
a breathing Truce;
his Royal Word, until
k it ſerv'd his Uſe.

7.

Winds decoy the Ship,
'omiſe to perſiſt;
ſome croſs Corner ſlip,
're her as they liſt.

8.

a Mouſe-Trap did invent,
ted it with Bacon;
ological Warning meant,
'y fair Words taken.

9.

or Souls have flock'd in Shoals,
: ſhould Slaves decree 'em,
p, at Quire of *Paul's*,
edleſs Pſalm *Te Deum*.

10.

It was not thus in days of old,
As Hiſtories repeat;
For Men did then a Diff'rence hold
'Twixt Vict'ry and Defeat.

11.

Nor was the Secret often known,
Thro Courſe of Ages paſt;
The Conquering Side to be undone,
The Conquer'd gain at laſt.

12.

A Gameſter, at a Hazard-Bet,
Would think 't a Bubble-Caſe,
When Main is thrown, and Stake is ſet,
To loſe it to *Deux-Ace*.

13.

Thus ſmitten Hearts feel cruel Darts,
From a receding Eye;
Which *Parthian*-like, as Love aſſerts,
At once can kill and fly.

14.

When injur'd *Greeks* beleaguer'd *Troy*,
And liv'd in Boots ten Years;
They let the Place no Reſt enjoy,
Till burnt about their ears.

15.

Sly Proffers of, tho ſcorn'd for, Peace,
With Sword in hand they heard;
But ſcorn'd Hoſtilities ſhould ceaſe,
Till Wrongs were firſt repair'd.

16.

No leſs than Madneſs it was thought,
At that wiſe time o'day;
To claim the Prize for which they fought,
And then to give 't away.

17.

Kind Vict'ry thus were like the Cow,
Which crumps her Back and Tail;
And after yielding Milk enough,
Friſks round, and ſpills the Pail.

18.

Then, this Diſpute to reconcile,
Let's end where we begun;
Nor talk of Peace as worth the while,
Except 'tis good or none.

19.

And ſo God bleſs our Gracious Queen,
And may our Pray'rs ne'er ceaſe;
That his great Hand would intervene,
Be it a War or Peace.

The Age of Wonders. To the Tune of Chevy Chaſe.

1.

THE Year of Wonders is arriv'd,
The Devil has learnt to dance;
The Church from Danger juſt retriev'd
By Help brought in from France.

2.

Nature's run mad, and Madmen rule,
The World's turn'd upside down;
Tumult puts in to keep the Peace,
And Popery the Crown.

3.

In all the Ages of the World,
Such Wonders ne'er were seen;
Papists cry out for th' *English* Church,
And Rabbles for the Queen.

4.

The Pulpit thunders Death and War,
To heal the bleeding Nation;
And sends Dissenters to the Devil,
To keep the Toleration.

5.

The High-Church Clergy mounted high,
Like Sons of *Jehu* drive;
And over true Religion ride,
To keep the Church alive.

6.

The Furioso's of the Church
Come foremost like the Wind;
And Moderation out of breath,
Comes trotting on behind.

7.

The Realm from Danger to secure,
To foreign Aid we cry;
With Papists and Nonjurors join,
To keep out Popery.

8.

King *William* on our Knees we curſe,
And damn the Revolution;
And to preſerve the Nation's Peace,
We ſtudy its Confuſion.

9.

With treacherous Heart and double Tongue,
Both Parties we adhere to;
Pray for the Side we ſwear againſt,
And curſe the Side we ſwear to.

10.

To Heaven we for our Sovereign pray,
And take the Abjuration;
But take it *Hocus-Pocus* way,
With juggling Reſervation.

11.

Sacheverell-like, with double Face,
We pray for our Defender;
To good Queen *Anne* make vile Grimace,
But drink to the Pretender.

12.

With Presbyterians we unite,
And Proteſtant Succeſſion;
But if the Devil came for both,
We'd give him free Poſſeſſion.

13.

Our Scheme of Politicks is wiſe,
Good Lord! that you'd but read it!
'T pulls *Marlb'rough* down, to beat the *French*,
And the Bank, to keep our Credit.

14.

Becauſe our Treaſurer was juſt,
And Houſe of Commons hearty;
And neither would betray their Truſt,
Or ſell us to a Party:

15.

Our Buſineſs is, that neither may
Their Places long abide in;
But get ſome choſen in their room,
As no Man can confide in.

16.

Who ſhall deſerve your mighty Praiſe
For Fund, and eke for Loan;
And may the Nation's Credit raiſe,
But never can their own.

17.

Becauſe declaring Rights to reign,
Our Parliaments have part in;
We'll have the Queen that Claim diſown,
For one that's more uncertain.

18.

The Reſtoration to make plain,
That *Perkin* mayn't miſcarry;
We've wiſely wheedled up the Queen
To Right Hereditary.

19.

The Dignity of Parliaments,
The ſtronger to imprint in 's;
We hug the Priſt whom they condemn,
And ridicule their Sentence.

20.

In order to diſcourage Mobs,
And keep the People quiet;
The Rabblers we condemn for Form,
But not a Rogue ſhall die yet.

21.

The Duke of *Marlborough* to requite,
For retrieving *Engliſh* Honour;
His Dutcheſs ſhall have all the Spite
That Fools can put upon her.

22.

For Battels fought, and Towns reduc'd,
And Popiſh Armies broken,
And that our *Engliſh* Gratitude
May to future times be ſpoken:

23.

While fighting for the Nation he
Looks Danger in the face,
We ſtrive to inſult his Family,
And load him with Diſgrace.

24.

Becauſe he's crown'd with Victory,
And all the People love him;
We hate the Man for his Succeſs,
And therefore will remove him.

25.

And now we're ſtirring up the Mob
Againſt a new Election,
That High-Church Members may be choſe
By our moſt wiſe Direction.

26. Th

26.

That Queens may Parliaments diſſolve,
No doubt 'tis right and juſt;
But we have found it out, that now,
Becauſe ſhe may, ſhe muſt.

27.

The Bankrupt Nation to reſtore,
And pay the Millions lent;
We'll at one daſh wipe out the Score,
With Spunge of Parliament.

28.

Then we can carry on the War,
With neither Fund or Debit;
And Banks ſhall eat us up no more,
Upon pretence of Credit.

29.

If not, we'll cloſe with Terms of Peace,
Preſcrib'd by *France* and *Rome*;
That War being huddled up abroad,
May then break out at home.

New Song. Being a Second Part to the ſame Tune of Lilliburlero, *&c.*

1.

A Treaty's on foot, look about *Engliſh* Boys,
Stop a bad Peace as ſoon as you can;
Peace which our *Hannover*'s Title deſtroys,
And ſhakes the high Throne of our glorious Queen *Anne*.
Over, over, Hannover, *over,*
Haſte and aſſiſt our Queen and our State;
Haſte over, Hannover, *faſt as you can over,*
Put in your Claim before 'tis too late.

2.

Bargain our Queen made with her good Friends
The *States,* to uphold the Proteſtant Line;
a bad Peace is made, that Bargain then ends,
And ſpoils her good Majeſty's gallant Deſign.
Over, over, &c.

3.

Creature there is, that goes by more Names
Than ever an honeſt Man could, ſhould, or would;
nd I wiſh we don't find him an arrant King *James,*
Whene'er he peeps out from under his Hood.
Over, over, &c.

4.

he *Dauphin* of *France* to a Monaſt'ry went,
To viſit the Mother of him aforeſaid;
e wiſh'd her much Joy, and he left her content
With a dainty fine Peace about to be made.
Over, over, &c.

5. Who

5.

What kind of a Peace, I think we may guess,
So welcome muſt be to her and her Laſs:
And let any Man ſay it, if we can do leſs
Than be very ſorry, when they're very glad.
Over, over, &c.

6.

Whoe'er is in Place, I care not a fig,
Nor will I decide 'twixt High-Church and Low;
'Tis now no Diſpute between *Tory* and *Whig*,
But whether a Popiſh Succeſſor, or no.
Over, over, &c.

7.

Our honeſt Allies this Peace do explain,
Of which our *French* Foes ſo loudly do boaſt;
But I hope, if they reckon on *India* and *Spain*,
They reckon without conſulting their Hoſt.
Over, over, &c.

8.

Or elſe we muſt bid farewel to our Trade,
Whatever fine Tales ſome People have told;
For whene'er a Peace of that nature is made,
We ſhall ſend out no Wool, nor bring home no
Over, over, &c.

9.

Then wage on the War, Boys, with all your Might
Our Taxes are great, but our Danger's not ſmall
We'd better be half undone, than be quite,
As half a Loaf's better than no Bread at all.
Over, over, &c.

The French *Preliminaries. A New Ballad to the Old Tune of* Packington's Pound.

ALL you that have Stock, and are mad for a Peace,
Come liſten a while, and I'll give your Hearts eaſe;
nd let all true Churchmen rejoice when they ſee
ow low the *French* creep to the new Min——y.
great Poet lately was ſent into *France*,
r a general Treaty to make ſome Advance;
return of whoſe Viſit, a Knight newly made,
nd a governing Man of the *French South-Sea* Trade,
ame with a full Power, as he ſays, from the King,
heſe Tidings of Gladneſs for *Britain* to bring.

I.

e declares *that the King will do all that is fitting*
acknowledg her Majeſty Queen of Great Britain:
er which, if you ſcruple to take his bare Word,
ay think how that Monarch us'd *William* the Third;
'hom he own'd, and diſown'd, and ſet up the Pretender,
nd with him ſtill noſes our Church's Defender.
e alſo proteſts *that the Crown ſhall deſcend,*
s at preſent 'tis ſettled for that very end.

2.

hat *he will* bona fide *and freely conſent,*
hat whoever is able, may take care to prevent
he French, *and the* Spaniards *being under one Yoke*;
'hich is eaſily done when the Alliance is broke:
r he horribly fears leſt an Exceſs of Pow'r
e *Quiet of Europe* may chance to devour.

3.

He alſo intends *the Allies One and All*,
(For he ſcorns to except the Great or the Small)
If they'll be but contented with what he will give 'em
Shall find he's a Man that will never deceive 'em:
Their Trade ſhall be ſafe; tho he does not declare,
To inquiſitive Folks, in what manner, or where.

4.

As the King will maintain the Peace when concluded,
So for fear leſt the *Dutch* ſhould think they're deluded,
Of them on a ſudden he's grown very tender,
And conſents, for their Good, *that they may ſurrend*
Whate'er has been taken in Flanders *this War*,
And he'll then yield them back a very good Barr.
But as for the Title of *States High and Mighty*,
Which ſome People uſe on purpoſe to fright ye,
The Republick of Holland does properer ſeem;
For Republicks of late are in mighty Eſteem.

5.

The King conſents likewiſe, that, inſtead of Spain,
A Barrier ſhall for the Empire remain.

6.

Tho Dunkirk *was bought by the King pretty dear,*
And has coſt Mony ſince, as may plainly appear,
His Majeſty's willing however to ſwear
He'll raze all the Works at the end of the War,
If he may but a proper Equivalent have;
That is, what his Majeſty thinks fit to crave;
But as England, *he's told, is now grown ſo poor,*
That for what her King ſold for Some Pence *and*
Whore,
An Equivalent cannot be rais'd by that Nation,
ſhall be refer'd to the Negotiation.

7.

ice more by his Faith, an Oath none e'er doubted,
ſwears *in this Peace no Prince ſhall be outed:*
he does not expect Charles *ſhould be ſo ſullen,*
at laſt to exclude Bavaria *and* Cologne.

Thus you have heard the vaſt Offers the *Frenchmen* have (made,
r theſe Realms, our Allies, and dear *South-Sea Trade:*
nd *Abel* declares, they're return'd very glad
f the Civil Reception which there they have had.

So, all you that have Stock, and are mad for a Peace,
hink of what has been ſaid, and 'twill give your Hearts eaſe:
nd let all true Churchmen rejoice when they ſee
ow low the *French* creep to the New Min——y.

In Excellent New Song, call'd, Mat's Peace, *or the Downfal of Trade. To the good old Tune of* Green Sleeves.

1.

THE News from abroad does a Secret reveal,
Which has been confirm'd both at *Dover* and *Deal*,
hat one Mr. *Matthews*, once called plain *Mat*,
as been doing at *Paris*, the Lord knows what.
But ſure what they talk of his Negotiation,
Is only intended to banter the Nation:
For why have we ſpent ſo much Treaſure in vain,
If now at the laſt we muſt give up Spain,
If now we muſt give up Spain?

2. Why

2.

Why ſo many Battles did *Marlborough* win?
So many ſtrong Towns why did he take in?
Why did he his Army to *Germany* lead,
The Crown to preſerve on the Emperor's Head?
Why does he the Honour of *England* advance?
And why has he humbled the Monarch of *France*,
By paſſing the Lines, and taking *Bouchain*?
If now, &c.

3.

Our Stocks were high, and our Credit ſo good,
(I mean all the while our late Miniſtry ſtood)
That Foreigners hither their Money did ſend,
And Bankers abroad took a pleaſure to lend.
But though all the Service was duly ſupply'd,
And nought was *embezled* or *miſapply'd*;
By all that wiſe Management what ſhall we gain,
If now, &c.

4.

We made this Alliance, as well it is known,
That *Auſtria*'s Great Houſe might recover their own:
King *Charles* is of Part of his Kingdom poſſeſs'd,
And *Bouchain* would quickly fright *France* from the reſt.
For ſure the whole Nation by this time muſt know
The way to *Madrid* is by *Paris* to go.
But why have we made ſuch a glorious Campaign,
If now, &c.

5.

All Treaties with *France* may be ſung or be ſaid,
To-morrow they'll break what to-day they have made;
And therefore our Senate did wiſely addreſs,
We ſhould be made whilſt they Spain did poſſeſs

The Queen too to them did laſt Seſſions declare,
That *Spain* ought to be their *particular* Care:
But Speeches, Addreſſes, and Senates are vain,
If now, *&c.*

6.

giving up *Spain*, we give up all our Trade:
vain would they tell us a Treaty is made
: yielding us Forts in the diſtant *South-Seas*,
manage our Traffick with Safety and Eaſe.
No Lyes are too groſs for ſuch impudent Fellows,
Of Forts in the Moon as well they might tell us;
Since *France* at her pleaſure may take them again,
If now, *&c.*

7.

ne Lords were impeach'd for a famous Partition,
hich kept the Allies in far better Condition;
r then of *Raw Silk* we were only bereft,
t now neither *Silver* nor *Gold* will be left.
If that Treaty then did Impeachment require,
Sure this calls at leaſt for the Rope or the Fire;
Since *Britain* had never ſuch cauſe to complain,
If now, *&c.*

8.

hen *Pett'cum* to *Paris* did openly go,
hat Doubts and what Jealouſies did we not ſhow?
low loudly did we againſt *Holland* exclaim,
et ſurely our Stateſmen are now more to blame:
For how can they think our Allies will not fire
At privately ſending that *Matchiavel P——r?*
Who richly deſerv'd to be *whip'd* for his pain,
If now, &c.

9. Since

9.

Since Matters ſtand thus, I am ſorely afraid,
Whenever this ſcandalous Peace ſhall be made,
Our Senate for *Cato* will quickly decree
Some Puniſhment worſe than *a Sting of a Bee.*
Poor *Mat* in the Pillory ſoon will be ſeen;
For *M*———*r* too, Oh! well had it been
That he had been pleas'd in his *Hole* to remain,
If now, *&c.*

The French *King's Lamentation for Miſcarriage of Monſieur* Guiſcard. *ing a new Song, to an Excellent Tune, ſung at the Opera Theat* Covent-Garden.

1.

WHEN *Lewis*, the Great
Had heard of the Fate
Of *Guiſcard*, his booted Apoſtle;
Not *Scarron*'s Delight,
His *Maintenon* bright,
Could allay in his Breaſt the fierce Buſtle.

2.

Sure Monarch, he cry'd,
Was never ſo try'd,
And his Schemes ſo well laid all defeated:
For whatever I do,
Still Fortune's my Foe,
And like her caſt Bully I'm treated.

3.

have I not done
ıe Cauſe is my own)
e my young Brother Pretender?
Labour nor Coſt,
have been loſt,
e on their Faith a Defender.

4.

ſe nine Years and more,
ıeen my chief Lore,
up their Church's great Danger:
ople and Prieſt
en caught with the Jeſt,
'd by dividing to change her.

5.

ops of the Gown
me Hopes have gone;
ll my Strength and my Cunning,
Land and by Sea,
ſorrow muſt ſay,
d in Beating or Running.

6.

w when the laſt
ſchemes, and the beſt,
and my Prieſt on his Miſſion;
: Plot and Knife broke,
iniſhing Stroke,
t that the Devil could wiſh one.

7.

the Bold,
ues Clement of old,
atholick Daggers could ſettle

In

In the Heart of a King;
But my Tool muſt begin
Quite wrong, and with Heretick Metal.

8.

And now, as 'tis ſaid,
He in Pickle is laid,
And *Marlborough* again comes for *Arras*:
Should it prove not a Lye,
In what a pickle am I!
For he'll ſtop not a Mile ſhort *of Paris*.

The Truth at laſt. To the Tune of, Which no body can deny.

1.

COME all ye brave Boys, and High-Churchmen dear
I'll tell you a Story 'twill delight ye to hear;
'Tis of Miniſters, Changes, Trade, Peace and War.
Which no-body, &c.

2.

Some two Years ago the poor Church, ſick at Heart,
Look'd as wan as if ſhe and her Friends were to part,
Till a Pulpit-Phyſician gave a Caſt of his Art.
Which, &c.

3.

My Brethren, ſaid he, I think 'tis no wonder
The Church is in ſuch a ſad Caſe; Blood and Thunder!
The Whigs are Triumphant, and we are kept under.
Which, &c.

4.

ow I do affirm t' ye, theſe Men do deſign
o Un-king the Q——, and keep out the Right Line,
amn Paſſive Obedience, and our Right Divine.
Which, &c.

5.

ould their damnable Doctrines be once underſtood,
hat Princes and Prieſts are but mere Fleſh and Blood,
ou'll be apt to obey 'em but juſt while they're good.
Which, &c.

6.

Whereas a good Subject and Chriſtian, ye know,
he more he's abus'd the more loving ſhould grow,
s the Cuff and Cloke-Text moſt fully does ſhow.
Which, &c.

7.

et us therefore all join with Heart and with Voice,
o cry down theſe Rogues, and cry up a new Choice,
o we ſhall have all the fat Places, brave Boys.
Which, &c.

8.

When the People had heard this Doctrine ſo found,
Which the Doctor on Proofs and good Profit did found,
hey reſolv'd, one and all, the *Whigs* to confound.
Which, &c.

9.

low this Doctor was baited, and how he got clear,
What Feats he did ſince, and were done elſewhere,
o Mortal, that had Ears, that could, but did hear.
Which, &c.

10.

Now as ſoon as the True Sons of the Church got grou
You can't think how much better all things were foun
For Mother and Sons look'd freſh, briſk, plump and four
Which, &c.

11.

Now to prove our dear Mother is out of her Pain,
To Miracle-working ſhe's taken again,
She never wrought ſuch in the late Whiggiſh Reign.
Which, &c.

12.

You muſt know, with a Debt of ten Millions at leaſt,
They found the poor Nation moſt ſadly oppreſs'd;
And if they could pay 't without Mony, 'twas beſt.
Which, &c.

13.

For this end they gave them a rich *South-Sea* Trade,
And told 'em by that twice as much might be paid;
For who cou'd e'er doubt but 'twas there to be had?
Which, &c.

14.

This coming from One ne'er thought a Deceiver,
Made the Faithful all think the Project was clever;
And ſurely 'tis Payment to every Believer.
Which, &c.

15.

In another Point too we all ſettled have been,
That by Paſſive Obedience and Right Divine,
King *James* was turn'd out, and King *William* brougl
Which, &c.

16.

ut ſince in true Catholick Paths we have trod,
here's another Poſition of late grown in Mode,
s true as the reſt, tho it ſeems ſomething odd.
Which, &c.

17.

hat a certain great Duke, we have reaſon to fear,
as a deviliſh Deſign to prolong the War,
s by beating our Foes does moſt plainly appear.
Which, &c.

18.

or this very reaſon, Brave *Hill* and *Ar——le*
lave done nothing yet, tho abroad a great while,
ince Projects of Peace all Fighting does ſpoil.
Which, &c.

19.

lowever, if any more Conqueſts we need,
ach Hero, no doubt, to *Quebec* and *Madrid*,
With equal Diſpatch and Succeſs will proceed.
Which, &c.

20.

ut now, God be thank'd, the War's near an end,
f on what Great Ones ſay Little Ones may depend;
or Old *Lewis* himſelf is grown our faſt Friend.
Which, &c.

21.

he razing of *Dunkirk* to us is well meant,
: we can but find an Equivalent,
nd his Word, we know, is worth Millions *per Cent.*
Which, &c.

22. E

For whatever Notions ſome People maintain,
King *Charles* and his Allies are Gainers, 'tis plain;
For we give poor *Phil.* nought but th' *Indies* and *Spain.*
Which, &c.

23.

May all Quarrels at home and abroad then ceaſe,
May the High-Church flouriſh, and Low-Church decreaſe,
For the Abbot has brought a good Proteſtant Peace,
Which, &c.

24.

May we all wiſh the Queen wou'd enliven our Hearts,
By giving our Friends their proper Deſerts,
We know who'd enjoy Axes, Halters, and Carts.
Which no-body can deny.

The Soldiers Lamentation for the Loſs of their General. In a Letter from the Recruiters in London, *to their Friends in* Flanders. *To the Tune of,* To you, fair Ladies, *&c.*

1.

TO you, dear Brothers, who in vain
Have curb'd the Pride of *France*,
And over *Flanders* fruitful Plain
Made Monſieurs skip and dance;
We ſend the News of Grief and Woe,
You've loſt your Gallant *Marlborough.*
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2.

o conquer once again,
ne to raiſe Recruits :
it purpoſe ſerve our Pains,
e all the Fruits ?
lb'rough muſt no more command,
do better than disband.
fa, la, &c.

3.

: *Lewis* thought by War
ope to enſlave,
:n with indulgent Care
ɔreat *Marlb'rough* gave ;
gainſt Popiſh Tyranny,
, Religion, Liberty.
fa, la, &c.

4.

ıg *Nimeguen's* well-wall'd Town
t heard War's Alarms ;
we made the *Frenchmen* own
ɔrce of *Engliſh* Arms.
n, no Caſtle, could withſtand,
aliant *Marlb'rough* did command.
fa, la, &c.

5.

lſe as proud, *Bavaria* grown
ring Treaſon great,
in Eagles had o'erthrown,
:c'd them to retreat ;
ng Empire's Hopes were loſt,
b'rough brought his conquering Hoſt.
a, la, &c.

6.

Firſt, *Schellenberg* in Blood embru'd,
His eager Valour try'd;
Where they who Eagles had ſubdu'd,
By Lyons Fury dy'd.
French and *Bavarians* all did yield
In fatal *Blenheim*'s Glorious Field.
With a fa, la, &c.

7.

In *Flanders* then, the Traitor Duke,
By Spite alone made Brave,
A valiant Reſolution took,
And fairly Battel gave:
But Flight once more his Honour ſtains,
In ſam'd *Ramilly*'s bloody Plains.
With a fa, la, &c.

8.

Altho Brave *Marlb'rough*'s generous Care
His faithful Soldiers ſpar'd;
Yet all the ſtrongeſt Towns of War
In vain 'gainſt him were barr'd:
In thrice three Days he forc'd *Oſtend*,
Which *Spain* could ſcarce at three Years end,
With a fa, la, &c.

9.

Hereat the Grand Monarch perplex'd,
By Force not like to thrive,
With treacherous *Ghent* and *Bruges* next
A Project did contrive:
But all their great Deſigns were marr'd,
[redacted] meeting him at *Oudenarde*.
[redacted] *a fa, la,* &c.

10.

Bruſſels to ſave, both fair and faſt,
From baſe *Bavaria*'s Might,
The guarded *Scheld* was to be paſs'd,
Ev'n in their Army's ſight:
But ſoon the *Frenchmen* all were flown,
When noble *Marlb'rough* led us on.
With a fa, la, &c.

11.

But O! the Wonders which were ſeen
At *Blangies* drench'd in Blood,
Where Men entrench'd up to the Chin,
As in a Caſtle ſtood:
Led on by *Marlborough* the Great,
Even there the *Britons* ſtorm'd and beat.
With a fa, la, &c.

12.

Behind their ſtronger Lines they got
Laſt Year encamp'd again,
But there he paſs'd without a Shot,
And took the ſtrong *Bouchain*.
So would he beat 'em o'er and o'er,
Could *Villars* ſtand at every Door,
With a fa, la, &c.

13.

Brave Leader, with ſuch vaſt Succeſs
By bounteous Heaven crown'd,
Who can your valiant Acts rehearſe,
Or Praiſes juſtly ſound?
Who ne'er your back turn'd to your Foes,
Nor from a Town untaken roſe.
With a fa, la, &c.

14. But

14.

But who for *Britiſh* Honour will,
Or Safety more take heed,
Since he who goes *French* Blood to ſpill,
Himſelf at home muſt bleed?
Who *Popiſh Lewis* has undone,
By *Jews* and *Turks* is overthrown.
With a ſa, la, &c.

15.

Ungrateful *England* ſav'd from Harms
By Heroes moſt renown'd,
Who for their matchleſs Deeds of Arms
Have with Affronts been crown'd.
So far'd it once with great *Naſſau*,
So fares it now with *Marlborough*.
With a ſa, la, &c.

16.

Should *Anjou* now his Crown forgo,
We ſtill ſhould Loſers be;
Yea, ſhould he give the *Indies* too,
Still more than that was He:
If neither, then in him we muſt
Have more than twice the *Indies* loſt.
With a ſa, la, &c.

17.

No more melodious Hautboys now,
Or warlike Trumpets ſound,
Take off the Wreaths from ev'ry Brow,
Your Arms and Laurels ground:
And you who now lie round *Bouchain*,
Haſte to *Nimeguen* back again.
With a ſa, la, &c.

18. La

18.

Let *Lewis* give the Peace we crave,
'Tis plain we have been beat;
No greater Blow we could not have,
'Tis high time to retreat:
For ſince we're of our Head bereft,
No hopes but in our Heels are left.
With a fa, la, &c.

19.

And thou, brave *Eugene*, with him join'd
In Conqueſt, and in Love;
Your former Friendſhip bear in mind,
And mourn his ſad Remove.
What tho your Glory's Partner's gone,
Perſiſt to conquer now alone.
With a fa, la, &c.

20.

'Tis true, his Foes have gain'd their Ends,
It cannot be deny'd;
But neither *France*'s Slaves nor Friends
His Name can lay aſide:
True *Engliſh* Hearts will ſtill proclaim
Great *Marlb'rough*'s with great *Eugene*'s Fame.
With a fa, la, &c.

A New Song.

1.

WHENAS Queen *Robin* rul'd this Land,
Both Knave and Queen was he;
The ſureſt Card in *Perkin*'s hand,
And laſt Trick of *Lewi*'.

2.

Nine Groats of theſe ſame Two were won,
E'er *Robin* came in play;
All Nine upon the Hedge he hung,
And trick'd the Game away.

3.

But Laws, and Sayings dark, apart,
I of this Knave do mean,
Some Notices for to impart,
And ſo God ſave the Queen.

4.

A ſour Fanatick was he bred,
And rais'd a Pſalm full high:
(As he begun, O may he end
With that ſame Melody!)

5.

But hence, as Inſects take to wing
All in the Month of *June*;
Within the Moon of *Midſummer*
This Sect'ry chang'd his Tune.

6.

ontinent, to Mother Church
He made his next advance;
, as the neareſt way to *Rome*,
He took the Road of *France*.

7.

Head he had, as Round as Long,
Nor was the World more full:
, as That is, ſo may it be
Faſt fix'd upon a Pole!)

8.

Sciences were crouded there,
Opinions old and new;
ligions of all ſorts at Jar,
The Falſe, and eke the True.

9.

t Quirks and Tricks, high Politicks,
O! there in chief did reign;
here, without Credit, Funds he rais'd,
And Credit without Coin.

10.

f War and Peace, of Wealth and Trade,
His Schemes are always new;
nd muſt ſucceed, as at *Quebec*,
At home, and in *Peru*.

11.

great in Metaphyſicks he,
And Numbers ſo profound,
hat Church and State he could, at will,
Divide, and eke compound.

12.

A Conjurer he was alſo,
And with his Wand ſo ſmall,
He *London* join'd to *Edinburgh*,
And both unto *Verſaille*.

13.

The Dæmon of our Publick Debts,
That haunted us full ſore;
He conjur'd, far beyond the *Red*,
Unto the *South-Sea* Shore.

14.

At one ſtrong Charm of his, it flew,
Like Leaves before the Wind;
O! never to return again,
A Reck'ning-place to find.

15.

Three Hundred Men he kept in Pay,
Two Legs apiece they had;
All Paſſive at Command were they,
No Spaniels better bred.

16.

He taught 'em to leap o'er his Wand,
For King, and eke for Queen;
They over came at his Command,
And then about again.

17.

P——rs by the Dozen he could pack,
Againſt our antient Rights;
And, with our Laws, found out the knack
To eaſe us of our Wits.

18.

e, ſoon or late, with thoſe retriev'd,
(For more need not be ſaid)
een *Robin* will much higher be,
Or ſhorter by the Head.

Firſt Part.

1.

FAction is ripe,
And Libels are ſtirring,
andal is ſpread about every where:
Some too will tell you,
Proteſtant Breeding
on will be taught the *Welſh* Chevalier.
Hannover, *Hannover*,
Scorn to ſurrender,
Faſt as you can over,
Baulk the Pretender,
Blaze out in Glory;
Millions are for you,
Which when they're call'd for,
Will all appear.

2.

Lewis, tho bang'd
For ten Years together,
Brags of a Battel he lately has won:
Famous *Eugene*,
For want of his Brother,
Fails to perform what he had begun.
Hannover, &c.

Sacheverell

Second Part.

1.

OUR Laws and our Commerce
Seem to be ſinking ;
France gains Advantages every day :
State-Trickſters cabal,
And daily are thinking
Britain to *Bourbon* how to convey.
Hannover, *Hannover*,
Quickly advance, Sir ;
Defy the Pretender,
And Tyrant of *France*, Sir.
Ruſh forth with Glory,
Arm'd without Fear ;
Legions are for you,
And they'll appear.

2.

Alliances broke,
Our beſt Friends ill treated,
Falſe to the Treaties we've made with the *Dutch* :
Yet, Great Sir, believe
You'll not be defeated,
Tho the Treaſon is form'd by the Snakes of the Ch
Hannover, &c.

3.

There's *Hamet* of old,
By teaching a Pidgeon,
Of Prieſtcraft and Pow'r dy'd greatly poſſeſs'd :

E'er ſince we deſpiſe
The Cry of Religion;
Politick Piety's always a Jeſt.
Hannover, &c.

A Tale of a Tarr. A New Ballad.

1.

A Tight and Trim Veſſel
As ever ye knew,
Was mann'd Stem and Stern
With a truſty ſtout Crew.

2.

The Captain was held
By his Lads in Eſteem;
And he, honeſt Man,
Was as tender of them.

3.

No fatal Miſtruſtings
Aboard 'em prevail'd;
In Concord they anchor'd,
In Concord they ſail'd.

4.

Till a turbulent Tarr,
As at Yard-Arm need hang,
In Ill-will to the Captain
Dumbfounded the Gang.

5.

Suggeſting from Round-Top,
With Nonſenſe and Anger,
That, beſet by falſe Friends,
The Ship was in danger.

6.

Tho but few days before,
On Deck they'd been told,
The next Tool who ſaid ſo
Should be ſurely Keel-haul'd.

7.

Now the Cauſe ye muſt know
Of all this loud Pudder,
Was to work in ſome Folks
To Poſts at the Rudder:

8.

Who might by that means,
Their whole Aim being for't,
More inſenſibly tack
To the Enemy's Port;

9.

Where lurks a Pretender,
Prepar'd to their hand,
To toſs o'er-board the Captain,
And ſeize the Command.

10.

So that true-hearted Sailors
Should be the more ready,
By a careful Look-out,
To keep matters ſteddy.

11.

is Delinquent o' courſe then
Was brought to the Maſt,
fix or wipe off
All the Dirt he had caſt.

12.

here with confident Look,
To ſave his dear Bacon,
call'd God to witneſs
They all were miſtaken:

13.

at the falſe Friends he meant,
Either fore Ship or aft,
ere the Winds and the Waves;
And then ſaucily laught.

14.

is Jeſuit Banter
Amuſing the Crew,
the Captain's own face
They with Mutiny ſhew:

15.

ning *Tar*'s Health and his,
In their ſcandalous Flip,
d firing Broad-ſides
Around the poor Ship.

16.

merited Grace,
Tho condemn'd, he thus had;
e few Wiſe ſhook their Heads,
More Blockheads huzza'd.

A Choice New Song, call'd, She-Land *and* Robinocracy. *To all ſorts of Tunes.*

1.

SHE-LAND, the Praiſe of all the Earth,
Surrounded by the Waves,
Has Thriving Land upon the Eaſt,
On South the Land of Slaves.

2.

The Weſt and North has Shelves and Rocks,
And Iſlands near the Shore;
The People rich in Trading Stocks
Of old, but now grown poor.

3.

This Country once had Famous Laws,
And Liberty did boaſt;
But now o'er-run by Cackling Daws,
Their Property is loſt.

4.

Their Government of yore well pois'd,
Secur'd the Folks from Thrall;
But ROBINOCRACY, at laſt,
Spoil'd and confounded all.

5.

'Tis fram'd of knaviſh cunning Tricks,
Hypocriſy and Fraud;
The State loves *Gauliſh* Politicks,
The Church the Schemes of *Laud*.

6.

Some call it boundleſs *Monarchy*,
But *Gunarchy*'s the Name;
Or rather Lawleſs *Anarchy*,
Of Governments the Shame.

7.

Sometimes a King, ſometimes a Queen,
A Serving-Man, or Maid:
A Pimp or Baud do rule this Land,
Juſt as the Plot is laid.

8.

For *ROBINOCRACY* conſiſts
In getting Pow'r and Gold,
By any Method that one liſts,
Which for the time will hold.

9.

One Day a Saint, the t'other Fiend,
Now true, and then a Knave;
Boiſt'rous ſometimes, at others kind,
But all the Game to ſave.

10.

Camelion-like it takes each Hue,
Puts on all Shapes and Sizes;
Brings every Month a Scheme that's new,
But Conſtancy deſpiſes.

11.

Religion a meer Stalking-Horſe,
Is in this Region made;
'Tis *High*, or *Low*, or *None*, that's worſe,
Juſt as the Prieſts are paid.

12.

Thoſe venal Souls, puff'd up with Pride,
Do claim a Power Divine,
The Laymens Backs to mount and ride,
At which none muſt repine.

13.

The Firſts and Tenths are not enough
The Clergy's Paunch to fill;
Two Thirds at leaſt their Bags muſt ſtuff,
Or elſe they take it ill.

14.

The Church in Danger is, they cry,
When Prieſts are not in Power,
The Laymens Souls in Hell to fry,
And Subſtance to devour.

15.

The *Monarchy's* undone, they ſay,
And *Commonwealth* takes place,
Unleſs the High-Prieſts bear the Sway,
And guide the Royal Race.

16.

Thus *Bob* did teach the Fools to prate,
Till he had gain'd his Ends,
Which were the chief Poſts of the State;
And then he bilk'd his Friends.

17.

They clamour'd loud he was unjuſt,
Swore he betray'd their Cauſe;
And as he ſerv'd the *Blackbirds* firſt,
So now he ſerv'd the *Daws*.

18.

They lov'd to build on Steeples high,
And 'bove the Clouds to ſoar,
Controul'd by none but *York's* Magpy,
Yet ſtill they are plagu'd with more.

19.

The *Eaglet* of a *Roman* Breed
They hop'd for long ago;
But a She-*Vulture* in his ſtead,
Continues all their Woe.

20.

By *ROBINOCRACY*, cry they,
We're ruin'd and undone;
The *Blackbirds* did the Dad betray,
And *Bob* will cheat the Son.

21.

He hugs the Siſter *O*——*rp*,
And fumbles her a-bed;
Curſe on the Leacher's *Gunarchy*,
And on his *S*——*S*—— Trade.

22.

We laſh'd and damn'd the Rebel Whigs,
Until we pull'd them down;
And now we are chous'd by Tory Prigs,
Our Cauſe who dare not own?

23.

Or rather would the Saddle keep
Since they are got aſtride;
We'll call the *Chevalier* o'er the Deep,
And force the Rogues to hide.

24.

Ox——*d* alone ſhall not bear Rule,
And act the Part of *Noll*;
We'll bait and hunt the Trait'rous Tool
To *M*——*r*'s great Hole.

25.

The Whigs mean time do laugh and ſneer,
As they thoſe Feuds diſcover;
And hope the Clouds at laſt will clear,
In favour of *H*——*ver*.

26.

Then *Jacks* and *Tories* both ſhall run
To *Rome*, or elſe *St. Germain*;
And in *She-Land* we ſhan't have one
Of that baſe ſort of Vermin.

Queen Elizabeth's *Day: or the Downfal of the Devil, Pope, and Pretender. To the Tune of* Bonny Dundee.

1.

LET'S ſing to the Mem'ry of Glorious Queen *Beſs*,
Who long did the Hearts of her Subjects poſſeſs,
And whoſe mighty Actions did to us ſecure
Thoſe many great Bleſſing which now endure:
For ſhe then did lay that ſolid Foundation,
On which our Religion is fix'd in this Nation;
For Popery was put into utter Diſgrace,
And Proteſtantiſm ſet up in its place.

2.

But could ſhe have liv'd as a Looker-on,
Until this good Time, to ſee how ſhe's out-done;
She muſt have acknowledg'd, that nothing ſhe dar'd,
Could be with the preſent great Actions compar'd:
Or altho ſhe did reign in Times that were evil,
She neither did ſeize the Pope or the Devil,
Nor ſave the Prieſts or Pretender from Flame,
Nor Right unto any ſuch Images claim.

3.

But now, God be thanked, we know what we do,
Which many wiſe Governments never did know;
For we have diſcover'd a damn'd Whiggiſh Plot,
To burn the Pope, and the Devil knows what,
Beſides the Pretender, and four Jeſuits,
Four Cardinals alſo, and four other Prieſts;
In all, fifteen Images, made up of Straw,
Which are not allow'd by any known Law.

4.

And therefore a Council was call'd, for to know
What in this Conjuncture was fit for to do;
And after a long and a learned Debate,
Orders were given to a Secretary of State,
That he ſhould a Meſſenger at Dead of Night ſend,
With ſome Grenadiers, to ſecure and defend
Theſe dangerous Figures from Fighting and Thrall,
And lodg them in's Office adjoining *Whitehall.*

5.

Where will ſit a Committee t' enquire the Reaſon,
And know if the Pris'ners are guilty of Treaſon;
Who made the fine Clothes; and if by any Law
They *dared to make* ſuch Statues of Straw:

And if they cannot prove themſelves innocent,
Oh then they'll be had before the P——nt;
And Juſtice will there be impartially had,
Which will make the Nation rejoice and be glad.

The Thankſgiving: A New Proteſt Ballad. To an excellent Italian Tu

1.

LET'S ſing to the Miniſtry's Praiſe,
With Hearts moſt thankful and glad,
For the Stateſmen of theſe our Days
Are the wiſeſt that ever we had.

2.

But not to wander too far
In the Maze of their endleſs Merit,
I'll give you an inſtance moſt rare
Of their Vigilance, Wiſdom, and Spirit.

3.

They heard on Queen *Beſs*'s Birth-Day,
The Prentices had an intent
The old Proteſtant Gambol to play,
Which Churchmen, they thought, ſhould prevent.

4.

The Frolick it ſeems was no leſs
Than to carry about in Proceſſion
A Pope in ridiculous Dreſs,
And to burn it by way of Diverſion.

5.

Beſides, theſe turbulent Folk
(Than their Anceſtors much more uncivil)
To their Pageant had added the Joke,
Of a *Perkin*, and eke of a *Devil*.

6.

With Cardinals, Jeſuits, Fryars,
A Cart-load together at leaſt,
Intended to crown the Bonfires;
A very unſeas'nable Jeſt.

7.

For ſure there could be no Senſe,
When a Peace is coming upon us,
To affront ſuch a powerful Prince
As the *Pope*: why it might have undone us.

8.

Then if the moſt Chriſtian King
Should have taken it ill at our hand,
Such a very unmannerly thing
Might have put the Peace to a ſtand.

9.

The *Jacobites* next, to be ſure,
Would have ris'n to defend their Maſter;
And who could have told where a Cure
Could be found for ſuch a Diſaſter?

10.

Beſides, it would bear a Doubt,
Whether burning the Pope and the Devil,
Might not be deſign'd to flout
At High-Church and Dr. *Sacheverell*.

11.

Furthermore, in theſe Days of Sin,
'Twas fear'd by Folks that were hearty,
A numerous Mob might have been
Ev'n rais'd for the Devil and's Party.

12.

'Twas therefore expedient found
To ſend the Foot-Guards on the Scout,
To ſearch all the Suburbs round,
And find the bold Pageant out.

13.

They took it, and as it was fit,
A Magiſtrate Wiſe and Great
The Criminals ſtraight did commit,
That the Law might determine their Fate.

14.

Then for Fear of a Reſcue by Night,
At which we ſhould all have been troubled,
'Twas order'd (and ſure that was right)
That the Guards ſhould be every where doubled.

15.

Beſides, that no harm might come nigh us,
The *Bands* ſo well *Train'd* were drawn out;
And as long as thoſe Heroes ſtand by us,
The Devil himſelf we may rout.

16.

What tho ſome People did ſneer,
And call 'em the *Pope's Life-Guard*;
They ſtood to their Arms and their Beer
All Night, and kept Watch and Ward.

17.

God ſave our Gracious Queen,
And her Miniſters every one;
nd he that don't ſay *Amen*,
Is a Churl, and may let it alone.

18.

he *Hannover* Houſe God preſerve,
And blaſt the *Pretender's* Hope;
he *Proteſtant Cauſe* let's ſerve,
And give to the *Devil* the *Pope*.

---

he South-Sea Whim. *To the Tune of*, To you, fair Ladies, now at Land, *&c.*

1.

TO you, fair Traders, now aſhore,
We *South-Sea Cullies* write,
our kind Compaſſion to implore,
This Ditty we indite:
ity your Brethren on the Main,
ompell'd to change our Courſe in vain.
With a fa, la, &c.

2.

e are a wretched motly Crew,
More various than the Weather,
lade up of Debtors old and new,
Jumbled and taek'd together;
ars, Soldiers, Merchants, Tranſports, Tallies,
hain'd in a row like Slaves in Gallies.
With a fa, la, &c.

3.

We furniſh'd Beer, we Guns and Balls,
We Ships or Mony lent,
With *Hemp* enough to ſerve them all;
O may it ſo be ſpent!
And ſince his Payments are ſo few,
Give *Caſar* what is *Caſar's* Due.
With a fa, la, &c.

4.

To fetch the Navy Pitch and Tar,
We paſs'd the ſtormy *Sound:*
But now our Debt's poſtpon'd ſo far,
We muſt take t'other Round;
And e'er we have our own again,
Muſt ſhoot the Straits of *Magellan.*
With a fa, la, &c.

5.

And we poor Graſiers of the Plain,
Who ſerv'd them Pork and Beef,
Muſt take hard Words inſtead of Gain,
And Charters for Relief;
For ſound good Meat without a Hogo,
They give us Bills on *Terr' del Fuego.*
With a fa, la, &c.

6.

We honeſt Tars, that oft come home
Without an Arm or Leg,
Muſt hope no more for Trulls or Rum,
But be content to beg:
Our Wages ſtopt without Accounts,
The Crew is all turn'd o'er to B——s.
With a fa, la, &c.

7.

ſcurvy Letters, *R* and *Q*,
id long the Sea infeſt;
e ſome diſpute, and prove their Due,
ut ſtill they paid the reſt:
ſweeping Torrent none can ſtem,
're run aground on *O* and *M*.
ith a fa, la, &c.

8.

come, my Lads, together ſtand,
.et's ſuffer this no more:
ll we that on the Seas command,
e bully'd thus on ſhore?
, no, my Boys, pull th' Helm a-Lee,
d heave the Rogues into the Sea.
With a fa, la, &c.

On the Jewel in the Tower.

1.

what the *Tower* of *London* holds,
Is valu'd for more than its Power;
en counting what it now unfolds,
w wondrous rich is this fame *Tower*?

2.

hink not of the Armory,
r of the Guns and Lions Roar,
r yet the valu'd Library;
nean the Jewel in the Tower.

3. Thi

3.

This Jewel late adorn'd the Court,
With Excellence unſeen before;
But now being blown upon in ſport,
This Jewel's Caſe is now the *Tower*.

4.

State-Lapidaries there have been,
To weigh, and prove, and look it o'er;
The very Faſhion's worth being ſeen,
Th' Intrinſick more than is the *Tower*.

5.

'Tis not St. *George's* Diamond,
Nor any of his Partner's Store;
It never yet to ſuch belong'd,
Which ſent this Jewel to the *Tower*.

6.

With thouſand Methods they did try it,
Whoſe Firmneſs ſtrengthen'd ev'ry Hour;
They were not able all to buy it,
And ſo they ſent it to the *Tower*.

7.

They would have prov'd it counterfeit,
That it was right 'twas truly ſwore;
But Oaths, nor Words, could nothing get,
And ſo they ſent it to the *Tower*.

8.

Its brilliant Brightneſs none can doubt,
By *Marlb'rough* it was ſometimes wore:
They turn'd the mighty Maſter out,
Who turn'd this Jewel into the Tower.

9.

hese are the Marks upon it found,
ing *William*'s Creſt it bears before,
id Liberty's engraven round,
ao now confin'd within the *Tower*.

10.

ot *France* in it an Intereſt has,
or *Spain* with all its Golden Ore;
r to the Queen and High Allies,
longs this Jewel in the *Tower*.

11.

he Owners modeſtly reſerv'd
in a decent *Norfolk* Bower,
id ſcarce yet think it has deſerv'd
e *Caſar*'s Honour of the *Tower*.

12.

e Day ſhall come to make amends,
is Jewel ſhall with Pride be wore;
id o'er his Foes, and with his Friends,
ne glorious bright out of the *Tower*.

10.

Now *Pr——r* and *M——re*, with Piſtoles in great
From *France* are arrived at *Dover*;
And *Abel* may roar, till his Lungs are quite ſore,
That there can be no need of *Hannover*.
La, la, &c.

11.

Great Treaties like ours, muſt infallibly bear,
Since the Perſons employ'd are ſo *Able*;
Tho one was a *Drawer*, and t'other, ſome ſwear,
Was the politick *Groom of a Stable*.
La, la, &c.

12.

Yet they're guided by one, who is very well known,
And a thorow-pac'd Stateſman is reckon'd;
In the *Radnor* Addreſs the Whigs he knock'd down,
With the 12th of King Charles *the Second*.
La, la, &c.

13.

Thus bravely he fights their leud Bill of Rights,
And baffles their damn'd Revolution;
By Statutes repeal'd, Non-Reſiſtance he heal'd,
And to High-Church he gave Abſolution.
La, la, &c.

14.

Wide open to all a Subſcription-Book ſtands,
With ſome Advocates at *Edinborough*;
Where *Perkin*'s true Friends do ſet to their Hands,
If he'll come, they'll receive him to-morrow.
La, la, &c.

5.

To begin with *Reſiſtance*, *Sachev'rell* did ſay,
'Tis the Doctrine of Devils and Hell, Sir:
But *Paſſive Obedience* does now bear the Sway,
As the Wiſe *Iriſh* Biſhops can tell, Sir.
La, la, &c.

6.

Hereditary Right, which ſay'd *James* the Juſt
From the damnable Bill of Excluſion,
Will bring in his Son, as High-Churchmen do truſt,
To the *Hannover* Houſe's Confuſion.
La, la, &c.

7.

And to ſhew that the *Jacobite* Intereſt riſes,
To High-Churchmens great Conſolation,
The Pretender's Medals do bear double Prizes,
And his Friends are in high Reputation.
La, la, &c.

8.

While thus our brave Prieſthood, with vigilant Care,
Our Factions and Ferments do nouriſh;
And *Lewis* is ſure to ſucceed in the War,
And his Grandſon's Scepter muſt flouriſh.
La, la, &c.

9.

The *Dutch* ſhall be ruin'd, the Whigs ſhall be damn'd,
And *Auſtria*'s Houſe be confounded;
The *Gaul* ſhall rejoice, while our Allies are ſhamm'd,
And our Quarrels with *France* are compounded.
La, la, &c.

20.

Let our Trade go to wreck, and all our Stocks sink,
While our High-Church rides safe from all Danger;
Since Land's above Mony, we have reason to think
The Q———'s Brother will conquer the Stranger.
La, la, &c.

21.

Let the Whigs that love Trade, the *South-Seas* invade,
And there we will give 'em *Debentures*
For the Mony they've lent, till the whole Sum be spent,
And a Spunge wipe out all their Adventures.
La, la, &c.

22.

They shall have for Director their *German* Elector,
Who certainly will not play booty;
He's too much in the Stock, the Project to shock,
Good Princess *Sophia* adieu t' ye.
La, la, &c.

A Song for King William's *Birthday, To the Tune of* Lillibullero.

1.

LET's sing the Brave Hero, whom Heav'n did ordain
To quell wicked Tyrants, and Nations set Free,
Who humbled proud *Lewis*, and cut thro the Chain
That he made for People of ev'ry degree.
Hero, Hero, sing the Brave Hero,
William *the Glorious, the Gallant* Nassau;
The Hero who sav'd us, when James *had enslav'd us,*
The Hero who sav'd our Religion and Law.

2. French

2.

French Lewis did league with Popiſh King *James*,
The Proteſtants all o'er the World to deſtroy;
The *Tyber* did threaten to ſwallow the *Thames*,
That Papiſts our Poſts and Eſtates might enjoy.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

3.

King *James* did us threaten with his *Iriſh* Hoſt,
And Papiſts on Church, State, and Armies obtrude;
The Jeſuits, and *Rome*'s other Leaches, did boaſt
That they ſhould be glutted with Heretick Blood.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

4.

King *James* ſent our Proteſtant Biſhops to *Tower*,
And all our good Clergy had *Smithfield* in view;
Great Swarms of *Rome*'s Locuſts did hope to devour
Thoſe who to Religion prov'd ſtedfaſt and true.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

5.

King *James*, for advancing his Catholick Cauſe,
Our Colleges, Benches, and Pulpits, did fill
With Papiſts, that ſo our Religion and Laws
Might both be new-model'd, and turn'd to his Will.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

6.

King *James* ſeiz'd our Charters, and garbled our Towns,
That he might have Parliaments at his command;
Our Lords and our Gentry, by Bribes or by Frowns,
He would have perſuaded for Popery to ſtand.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

7.

James, Cut-throats made Judges, and Juries did pack,
That he might diſpoſe of Eſtates and of Lives;
And that all might be ready the Nation to wreck,
His Prieſts were to ſtallion our Daughters and Wives.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

8.

By Whippings and Tortures, exorbitant Fines,
Knives, Axes, and Halters, and wreſting of Law;
James murder'd our Laymen, and laſh'd our Divines,
And ſwore he would keep us for ever in awe.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

9.

The Nation no longer the Tyrant could bear,
But bravely reſolv'd for Great *Orange* to call;
Even thoſe who to Paſſive Obedience did ſwear,
Sent for him to reſcue the Kingdom from Thrall.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

10.

The Tyrant alarm'd, like a Coward did quake,
As ſoon as he heard that brave *William* would come
He cring'd and he flatter'd, he own'd his Miſtake,
And promis'd our Rights to reſtore all and ſome.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

11.

But *James*, when inform'd that a Tempeſt diſpers'd
Part of the *Dutch* Fleet, he did alter his Mind;
His Promiſes, old and new, were revers'd,
For Oaths made to Hereticks never can bind.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

12.

The Gallant *Naſſau*, when the Wind turn'd about,
Purſu'd his Deſign, and in *Britain* did land;
When *James* march'd againſt him with his Popiſh Rout,
And at *Salisbury*-Plain he did threaten a Stand.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

13.

Our Proteſtant Troops and Commanders then ſaw,
That *James* at the Nation's Deſtruction did aim;
Abandon'd by Daughters, and both Sons-in-Law,
To ſtand by him longer they thought it a Shame.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

14.

The Tyrant's Heart ak'd, and his Noſe it did bleed,
So *James* thought it proper his Flight to begin;
Then back he did gallop with Horſe at full Speed,
And ſoon was pull'd down from the Throne for his Sin.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

15.

Thus *Orange*, like *Ceſar*, came, ſaw, and did conquer;
His Foes were diſpers'd like a Miſt by the Wind:
And *James* went to *France* with his Warming-Pan Younker,
O that he had left ne'er a Tory behind!
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

16.

Let's ſing the brave Prince who *Great Britain* did ſave,
And reſcu'd her Darling, the Glorious Queen *Anne*;
Whom Papiſts and Tories would ſend to her Grave,
And adopt *Dada*'s Brat from the *French* Warming-Pan.
Hero, *Hero*, &c.

17. Let's

17.

Let's ſound *William*'s Fame, and his Mem'ry advance
In Songs of high Triumph, again and again:
The Hero who lower'd the Ambition of *France*,
And neither allow'd her the *Indies* nor *Spain*.
Hero, Hero, &c.

18.

May *Hannover* proſper, whom Great *William* choſe
To finiſh what he and Brave *Anne* had begun;
As we drove our King *James*, ſpite of *Lewis*'s Noſe,
Let's keep the true Daughter, and hang the falſe So
Hero, Hero, &c.

19.

For the Youngſter, to prove himſelf of the Right Lin
King *James*, in whatever was bad, will exceed;
And then it is eaſy for us to divine,
Hannover's Protection we ſadly ſhall need.
Hero, Hero, &c.

20.

Then curs'd be thoſe Prieſts, and thoſe Laymen to bo
That with this Succeſſion ſo gladly would part;
May our Laws them purſue, and cut off Branch and I
While *Hannover*'s neareſt her Majeſty's Heart.
Hero, Hero, ſing the Brave Hero,
William *the Glorious the Gallant* Naſſau;
Who that he might ſave us from thoſe who'd enſl
Hannover's *Succeſſion eſtabliſh'd by Law.*

The Royal Health. To the Tune of, All joy to Great Cæsar.

HERE's a Health to Queen *Anne*, Sir;
May she long live and reign, Sir;
Lay no Foes e'er offend her,
French Jacks, or *Pretender*.
Next, to *Hannover*'s Glory,
Let us shun e'ery Tory:
And our loud Acclamation
Resound thro the Nation.

May *Perkin* ne'er be King;
May Rogues, who'd bring him in,
In Halters meet their Fate.
May Pimps and Bauds of State,
And Imps of *Rome* and *Rome*,
Meet with deserved Doom.

May *Nassau*'s Glory spread,
And *Marlborough* the Dread
Of Tyrant *Lewis*, home
With double Honour come;
And rout the juggling Crew,
That would us all undo:
And *Britons* save their State
From its impending Fate.

Long live Queen Anne, Sir,

An

An Excellent New Song. To the Memorable Tune of Lillibullero.

1.

OH! Brother *Tom*, do'ſt know the Intent,
Lillibullero Bullen a la,
Why they prorogue the Parliament?
Lillibullero Bullen a la:
Lero, Lero, &c.

2.

I think it is plain to be underſtood,
Lillibullero, &c.
That by that ſame they mean us no good:
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

3.

For what can they mean who do not take care,
Lillibullero, &c.
In time Preparations to make for the War?
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

4.

And how without Mony can we in the Spring,
Lillibullero, &c.
Get early to *Flanders*, and drub the *French* King?
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

5.

Then is it not pity, when *Marlbro* to fat is,
Lillibullero, &c.

To ſtop his Career, and not let him take *Paris?*
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

6.

Now all theſe Delays come not from Town-takers,
Lillibullero, &c.
But Oh! what is worſe, they come from Peace-makers,
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

7.

If *Spain* and the *Indies* they yield unto *France*,
Lillibullero, &c.
Then we may go whiſtle, and eke alſo dance.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

8.

And then poor Old *England* muſt loſe all her Trade,
Lillibullero, &c.
Whene'er ſuch a ſcandalous Peace ſhall be made.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

9.

Oh lack and a day! I am ready to cry,
Lillibullero, &c.
To think how it ſavours of Popery.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

10.

'Tis not come to that already, I hope,
Lillibullero, &c.
Tho we might not burn the Pretender and Pope.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

11.

Therefore let it be our particular Care,
Lillibullero, &c.
For *Spain* and the *Indies* to keep on the War.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

12.

Which if we do roundly, I cannot but think,
Lillibullero, &c.
John Marlbro at laſt will make *Lewis* ſtink.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

13.

So God bleſs the Queen, and the Houſe of Hanover,
Lillibullero, &c.
And never may Pope or Pretender come over.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

Plot upon Plot. To the Tune of, Hey Boys up go we.

1.

OH wicked Whigs! what can you mean?
When will your Plotting ceaſe
Againſt our moſt Renowned *Queen*,
Her Miniſtry, and Peace?
Your *Proteſtant Succeſſion's* ſafe,
As our Great Men agree;
Bourbon has Spain, the Tories laugh:
Then Hey Boys up go we!

2.

of your *Machi'villian* Crew,
om heavy Roof of *Paul*,
trait'rouſly ſtole ev'ry Skrew,
make that Fabrick fall:
ſo to catch her Majeſty,
d all her Friends beguile;
irds are trapt, by Boys moſt fly,
Pit-fall with a Tile.

3.

for your Bonfires *Mawkins* dreſs'd
a Good Queen *Beſs*'s Day,
reby much Treaſon was expreſs'd,
all true Churchmen ſay,
nſt the *Devil* and the *Pope*,
he *French* our new Ally,
Perkin too, that Youth of Hope,
n whom we all rely.

4.

ſent your *Mohocks* next abroad,
'ith Razors arm'd and Knives;
on Night-walkers made inroad,
nd ſcar'd our Maids and Wives:
y ſcour'd the Watch, and Windows broke,
ut 'twas their true Intent,
our wiſe Miniſtry did ſmoke)
' o'erturn the Government.

5.

now your laſt and blackeſt Deed,
What Mortal can rehearſe?
Thought of't makes my Heart to bleed,
h *Muſe*, aſſiſt my Verſe!

A Plot it was ſo deeply laid,
So Diabolical,
Had not the Secret been betray'd,
In *one* 't had ſlain us all.

6.

Two * *Inkhorn-tops* you Whigs did fill
With Gunpouder and Lead;
Which, with two Serpents made of Quill,
You in a Bandbox laid:
A Tinder-Box there was beſide,
Which had a Trigger to't,
To which the very String was ty'd
That was deſign'd to do't.

7.

As Traitors ſpare nor Care nor Coſt,
Theſe Crackers dire were ſent
To th' Treaſurer, *per* Penny-Poſt,
And ſafely ſo they went:
And if my Lord had pull'd the Thred,
Then up had blown the Train,
And th' *Inkhorns* muſt have ſhot him dead,
Or elſe have burſt in twain.

8.

But Fortune ſpar'd that precious Life,
And ſo ſav'd *Church* and *Queen*:
Good *Swift* was by, and had a Knife
For *Corn* or *Pen* made keen;
Stand off, my Lord! cry'd he, this Thred
To cut I will not doubt.
He cut, then ope'd the Bandbox Lid,
And ſo the Plot came out.

* *Abel's* Evening Poſt on this matter.

11.

w God preſerve our Gracious Queen ;
And for this Glorious Deed,
y ſhe the Doctor make a Dean
With all convenient Speed :
at tho the *Tub* hath *hinder'd* him,
As common Story tells,
: ſurely now the *Bandbox*-Whim
Will help him down to *Wells*.

---

e Merchant A-la-mode. To the Tune of
Which no body can deny.

1.

Ttend and prepare for a Cargo from *Dover*, [over,
Wine, Silk, Turnips, Onions, with the Peace are come
ke *d'A——t* has brought (make room for a Rover :)
Which no body can deny, deny ; which no body can deny.

2.

wagg'ring Crew rode on horſe-back before him,
threw out his Caſh, that the Mob might adore him ;
Tag-rag and Bob-tail made up the Decorum.
Vhich, &c.

3.

r Gr——t Men they bought with Penſions and Tattles,
r Gen——l they had hir'd to fight no more Battles,
l the Rabble they wheedle with Shillings and Rattles.
Vhich, &c.

4.

The Train is made up with the Scum of *St. Germain*,
Prieſts, Porters, and Fidlers, Pimps, Lacqueys and Chairmen
Who are all the great Whore of *Babylon*'s Vermine.
Which, &c.

5.

His Houſe is a Chappel, where the Jeſuits range;
'Tis a Court for our Stateſmen; and yet, which is ſtrange,
'Tis a Tavern, a Ware-houſe, a Garden, a Change.
Which, &c,

6.

The Q——— had a Preſent, we know very well:
But we muſt to Market, as all Folks can tell;
For they that can buy, they alſo can ſell.
Which, &c.

7.

Here Laymen may prate, and Clergymen fuddle,
The Houſe can provide both Tobacco and Bottle;
They've a Seat for your Bum, and a Pipe for your Nose
Which, &c.

8.

But theſe Parcels of Wine that go by retail
Come unluckily over, to hinder the Sale
Of his Brother D. *H*——*n*'s Barrels of Ale.
Which, &c.

9.

Here's a number of ſuperfine Onions, which ſhows
That the Merchant who ſells them has ground to ſuppoſe
His Trade lay with ſome that are led by the Noſe.
Which, &c.

10.

10.

1 out came the Silks, and the musty Brocades,
: the Livʳy of *France* may be laid on the Medals;
od Preparation for *Wild-Irish* Plads.
hich, &c.

11.

t a Jumble of Sounds do we hear all together,
1 Trumpets and Fiddles, to the Clangs of a Cleaver,
ounded with Groans of a *Spittle-Field* Weaver.
hich, &c.

12.

iſe up a Maſs houſe they're making great haſte;
hen all this Karee-Show Muſick is paſt,
England muſt pay the Piper at laſt.
hich, &c.

13.

: pity 'tis now that *Gregg* was truſs'd up;
ıe liv'd to this time, there was reaſon to hope
ad come in for a Ribbon, inſtead of a Rope.
ich, &c.

14.

Duke that his waſte to, wou'd have given him fair
a wou'd the E——l for whom he was Martyr;
: got the Halter, and *R*——*s* the Garter.
ich, &c.

15.

vis, at laſt, thou haſt play'd thy beſt Card,
leroes aſide, and Trickſters reward;
haſte got by *d' A*——*t* what thou loſt by *Tallard*.
ich, &c.

16.

Remove all the Wars to *Verſailles* and to *Marli*,
'Tis Fighting more ſurely, tho ſomewhat unfairly;
What a *Churchil* has won, is reſtor'd by a *H*——*y*.
Which, &c.

17.

May the great Hand of Juſtice now brandiſh it ſelf
On 'em all in a lump, from that double-tipp'd Elf
To the fag-end of Peerage, the laſt of the Twelve.
Which, &c.

18.

Haſte, *Hannover*, over, and reſcue our Laws
From a Raſcally Medley of Cowards and Daws,
Whores, Cuckolds, and Fools, Bawds, Bullies and Beaus
Which, &c.

The Raree-Show.

1.

HERE be de var Pretty Show juſt come from *Paris*,
Me ſhow you, Shendemans, to make you merry!
O rare Show, O var pretty Show, who ſee my fine dainty Show?

2.

Here be de great Spring dat dance the Machine,
On which the Lo-dores be moſt plainly ſeen.
O rare Show, &c.

3.

Here firſt me preſent you with a diſmal Diſaſter,
A Servant be hanged for ſaving his Maſter.
O rare Show, &c.

4. The

4.

re be de Great *Marlbro*, who all the World knows,
as baniſh'd for ſaucily beating his Foes.
O rare Show, &c.

5.

re be de Great *Or*——*d*, made Gen——l in ſeaſon,
ohibited Fighting, to bring *France* to Reaſon.
O rare Show, &c.

6.

re *B*——*tt*——*n*, with Sacred Regard to Alliance,
eaks Treaties, to ſtrengthen de Bond of Affiance.
O rare Show, &c.

7.

re be de yar fine Politicians diſpatched
Paris, to treat of a P——ce da dar hatched.
O rare Show, &c.

8.

re be de Congraſe all Utrick var noting is brouded,
Plenipo's meet to do vat is concluded.
O rare Show, &c.

9.

re be denodar more Pretty Tranſaction,
give *Lewis* all, gives Allies Satisfaction.
O rare Show, &c.

10.

re be de Politique Harliquine, mind him,
u never ſhall twice in the ſame Poſture find him.
O rare Show, &c.

11.

re be de Addreſſers to de Trone of *Great B*——*n*,
Here-da-tory Right will make Hannover ſit out.
O rare Show, &c.

12.

Here be de good Prodeſtante dat loves no Prieſt Jerkin,
To ſave his Religion looks to *Lewis* or *Perkin*.
O rare Show, &c.

13.

Here be de wiſe Politicians that ſed it,
Dat ſinking of Debts was reſtoring of Credit.
O rare Show, &c.

14.

Here to preſerve de Conſtitution of *B——n*,
A whole dozen of Lords was made at one ſittin.
O rare Show, &c.

15.

Here be de Cabal of Whigs dat are brought on,
A hatching a Plot dat no Soul ever thought on.
O rare Show, &c.

16.

Here be de Fifty Pounds for one of *Paul*'s Skrews,
Which had da been all gone, had ne'er hurt de Pews.
O rare Show, &c.

17.

Here be de Five Hundred Pounds for taking *Mac Cartney*
This muſt be anodar Plot, de Rewards bid ſo hearty.
O rare Show, &c.

18.

Here be de Bandbox and Inkhorns, ſince de good Man ſ[viv'd
Dis not wort one Braſs Fardin to know who contriv'd it.
O rare Show, &c.

19.

Here be de Duc *d'A——nt*'s whole Cellar of Claret
Burnt by de Plot laid as high as de Garret.
O rare Show, &c.

20.

le Five Hundred Pounds for de Letter dat told it,
straw Garreteers can moſt likely unfold it.
re Show, &c.

21.

le *Skelton* do no more dan his Licence intended,
tiſements and Swearing is nobly defended.
re Show, &c.

22.

alſo de good Folk dat on no Plot did tink,
ton and *Lewis* thus ſtir'd up a ſtink.
re Show, &c.

23.

e a Laarion, and when me have got 'em,
you the Shevaler *de St. George* at de bottom.
re Show, O var Pretty Show, who ſee my fine inty Show?

re is all, Shentlemans; what ſay you now?
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

ank I tank you: God bleſs you all, from de Pope, il, and de Pretender, and all de great Rogues in nd.

The Pedlar. To the Tune of, The Abbot of *Canterbury.*

1.

YE Lads, and ye Laſſes, that live in *Great Britain,*
I'll tell you a Story that never was writ on:
'Tis of a *French* Pedlar, a Pedlar I ſing,
Sent over to bubble us by the *French* King.
Derry Down, Down, Down, hey Derry Down.

2.

His Errand, I trow, is to do a ſmall Job,
To make a fine Figure to dazle the Mob:
But this let me tell him, if once his Coin fail,
They'll curſe him and his Maſter for one Pot of Ale.
Derry Down, &c.

3.

Give ear then awhile, to a Liſt of his Ware,
Which, like a true Tradeſman, he'll ſell you full dear;
For by fatal Experience we may have been taught,
That the *French* part with nothing but what's dearly bought.
Derry Down, &c.

4.

Then firſt, he has dainty choice *Burgundy* Wine;
Next, Store of rich Garments to make you look fine:
Thus they firſt make us drunk, then our Pockets they pick
Ye confounded *French* Dogs, have you got that Whore Trick!
Derry Down, &c.

5.

Fine Caſes for Tooth-Picks his Highneſs brought over,
And curious wrought Tweezers juſt landed at *Dover*;
Then Snuff-Boxes lined with the Chevalier's Face,
That all his true Vaſſals may know his good Grace.
Derry Down, &c.

6.

But what Tranſports of Joy in our Eyes wou'd appear,
Oh! could we but ſee the Original here!
What crouding, what running, what riding from far!
I mean, were his Head fix'd upon *Temple-Bar*.
Derry Down, &c.

7.

Next, there's delicate Swords, all inlaid with Gold,
But 'tis only Handles, as I have been told;
For *Marlborough* taught 'em in nine diſmal Years,
That true *Engliſh* Blades were far better than theirs.
Derry Down, &c.

8.

Then come my brave *Britons*, be merry and wiſe,
And ſince we can beat 'em, their Offers deſpiſe;
For ſhou'd you not now theſe Baubles refuſe,
Next Year they will offer you their wooden Shoes,
Derry Down, &c.

9.

O Liberty, Liberty, thou art too dear,
For *Britons* to part with thro Folly or Fear!
Then make not your Conſcience a ſpecious Pretence
To part with that Jewel, which is its Defence.
Derry Down, &c.

10.

But fill up a Bumper to glorious Queen *Anne*,
And he that won't pledg it, is no honeſt Man:
Then fill up one more to the *Hannover* Line,
And a fig for the Popiſh Pretender's Deſign.
Derry Down, &c.

A New Ballad, to the Old Tune of, Which no body can deny, *&c.*

1.

THO Wit in a Ballad ſhould bite like a Tooth,
Or elſe 'twill ſcarce pleaſe our fantaſtical Youth;
Yet here ſhall be nothing but *Dunſtable* Truth.
Which no body can deny, &c.

2.

Without further Preface, pray let me unfold
A Truth my dear Countrymen all ſhou'd be told;
That like Sheep in a Pen, they're bought and they're ſold.
Which, &c.

3.

To make out this matter as clear as the Sun,
'Tis needleſs about many Buſhes to run;
Good People pray look upon what has been done.
Which, &c.

4.

Friends ſet at defiance, Alliances broke,
With ten Years Succeſſes deſtroy'd at a ſtroke;
Our Bleſſings we ſcorn, and our God we provoke.
Which, &c.

5.

Who but Madmen propoſe Church and State to advance,
By joining in Meaſures with *Lewis* of *Frunce*,
Who has broke many Oaths beſides that of *Nantz* ?
Which, &c.

6.

We once thought this Monſter fain would us devour,
Till ſome happy Miracle, ſome Critical Hour,
Has made us in love with exorbitant Power.
Which, &c.

7.

To render him quite of his Grand Scheme bereft,
We leave *France* in his Right Hand, and *Spain* in his Left:
Were ever two Nations ſo cleverly cleft?
Which, &c.

8.

Then into the Bargain the *Indies* were hurl'd,
So that e'er ſeven times round the Sun we are twirl'd,
Tis odds but he rivets Gold Chains on the World.
Which, &c.

9.

The Ballance of Power muſt needs be kept ſtreight,
And therefore on one ſide we cram all the Weight;
For which we may thank a ſhort Neck, tho long Pate.
Which, &c.

10.

Since renouncing the Charm on which we all doat,
The Security's ſuch, by theſe Preſents all know't,
No Banker upon it would lend you a Groat.
Which, &c.

11. Ne'er

11.

Ne'er fear the Pretender's uſurping our Throne,
His old Friend will adviſe him to let that alone;
He may like it himſelf, and ſo make it his own.
Which, &c.

12.

Let the Doctor, on whom Fools thought Wiſe Men too re
Ungag, and preach on his nonſenſical ſtuff;
His Hanging can ne'er make Attonement enough.
Which, &c.

13.

The *Alamode Merchant* will do a fine Job,
When, by ſprinkling a few looſe Corns from his Fob,
He brings *Popery* in by a *Proteſtant Mob*.
Which, &c.

14.

No longer, ye Sots, for the Church be afraid,
That clamorous Sham may with Safety be laid,
Since *France* has call'd *Mahomet* in to its aid.
Which, &c.

15.

Nor ought *French* and *Turk* to be mention'd alone,
The *Swedes* too as Friends to our Rights muſt be kn
Tho they have lately ſurrender'd their own.
Which, &c.

16.

What will Ages to come of the preſent ſuppoſe,
When they curſe us for ſelling our Friends to our Fo
And for ſmelling no ſtink till 'tis thruſt up our Noſe;
Which, &c.

17.

Are theſe the ſweet Fruits of the Peace which we crave?
Is it thus that the Crown, Church, and Laws we ſhould ſave?
Man, Woman, and Child to be *Papiſt* and *Slave?*
Which, &c.

18.

If this of all Treaſons is not the moſt high,
I cannot diſtinguiſh a Truth from a Lye,
And am blinder than he who has never an Eye.
Which, &c.

19.

Nor need any further this Ballad to ſwell,
No more can be in't than the Devil of Hell;
With pleaſure the reſt let our Enemies tell.
Which, &c.

To the Tune of, There's rare doings at *Bath.*

1.

PLUMP *Cocky* and *Abigail*, *Rome* to advance,
There's rare doings in Town:
Swig to the Pretender and Monarch of *France*,
There's, &c.
And drink nought but Ch——y and Prot——t *Nantz.*
There's, &c.

2.

Old *Britain*, Old *Britain*, I fear thou art loſt,
There's, &c.
Tho *Millions* of Mony and Lives thou haſt coſt:
There's, &c.

He or She's the beſt Subject that tipples the moſt.
There's, &c.

3.

Bright *Cowper* and *Somers*, both ſober and wiſe,
There's, &c.
Leud *Harry* and *H——ley* are known to deſpiſe;
There's, &c.
Their Vice gives 'em Merit in Somebody's eyes.
There's, &c.

4.

State-Tories and Prieſts conſpire our Fall,
There's, &c.
The Cry of *the Church* ſerves like the Jackall,
There's, &c.
To the Lion, when *Perkin* is pleaſed to call.
There's, &c.

5.

Laws, Liberties, Goſpel, he ſoon will devour,
There's, &c.
And cage our good Biſhops once more in the *Tower*:
There's, &c.
Poor *Britain*, thou'rt gone from this very hour.
There's, &c.

6.

Adieu and farewel moſt Illuſtrious *Han——r*;
There's, &c.
Th' Ambaſſador *Lewis* did lately ſend over,
There's, &c.
Told us, *Perkin* wou'd come with an Action of Trove
There's, &c.

7.

Oh *Britons*, dear *Britons*, I wiſh you no Ill,
There's, &c.
Of Tory Devices you'll ſoon have your fill;
There's, &c.
And they'll give you away by Dint of a Will.
There's, &c.

8.

'Tis all come to nothing that Great *Naſſau* did;
There's, &c.
Thoſe People are fit for a Slabbering-Bibb,
There's, &c.
That by Tories and Prieſts will be thus baſely rid.
There's rare Doings in Town.

To the Tune of Chivy-Chace.

1.

GOD bleſs our Gracious Sovereign *Anne*;
I mean for to rehearſe
The noble Actions if I can,
Of her Great Men, in Verſe.

2.

A Ballad to their Merit may
Moſt juſtly then belong;
For why, they've given all away,
To *Lewis* for a Song.

3. Now

3.

Now in the Tale that I'm about,
'Tis proper to begin
With telling you, if I'm not out,
How firſt theſe Folks got in.

4.

They cry'd the Dangers of the Church,
Which did ſo near ſurround her;
If Tories left her in the lurch,
The Whigs wou'd quite confound her.

5.

Beſide that we were grown ſo poor,
The War had coſt ſo much;
And all that we were fighting for,
Was to enrich the *Dutch*.

6.

They ſaid the Duke of *Marlborough*
The War wou'd never end;
For while he always beat our Foe,
How cou'd they e'er be Friends?

7.

'Tis not the means, theſe Folks did ſay,
To make all Diſcord ceaſe;
But not to ſtrike a Blow's the way
To make a laſting Peace.

8.

When thus by raiſing Diſcontent,
Their Tricks they did prevail;
For Peace unto the *Hague* they ſent
My good Lord P—— S——.

9.

To him was join'd a Noble Lord,
That has no Parallel,
To draw the Pen and eke the Sword,
Command as well as ſpell.

10.

Lord *Harry* then the Ocean croſs'd,
Poor *Torcy* to confound;
Which Journey has the *French* King coſt
Full many a thouſand Pound.

11.

Of Treaties many, ſome for Pelf,
Theſe Men were Undertakers:
There's one may execute it ſelf,
The others will their Makers.

12.

Lewis no more ſhall draw his Sword,
For ſolemnly he ſwore
With *Anne* he'd keep his Royal Word,
Which he ne'er kept before.

13.

The Barrier which he yields the *Dutch*,
Shall well defended be;
And that they mayn't be troubled much,
Himſelf will keep the Key.

14.

They've ſettled well the Terms of Trade,
As 'twas in Sixty Four;
And thankful we may be t' have made
So much, *when* they had *Moore*.

15.

And now they try'd by ſubtle Art,
Being got into poſſeſſion,
To change the thing next the Queen's Heart,
The Proteſtant Succeſſion.

16.

Myſterious *Ox——d* therefore wou'd,
From his profound Library,
Prove no Right to the Crown is good,
But Right Hereditary.

17.

To aſſert this Right, they did compound
A noble *Folio*;
Some Noble Lords they likewiſe bound
In *Duodecimo*.

18.

And now this Doctrine to ſupport,
Who, cou'd they think on fitter,
For to defend in open Court,
Than our Black Sir *Peter*?

19.

What tho we took him for a Friend,
We need not make a pother;
For who ſo proper to defend
One *King*, as is another?

20.

But now, as things to fall are known
Between the Cup and Lip,
Juſt ſo this Scheme was quite knock'd down
By one unlucky Slip.

21.

For you muſt know, our Miniſters,
Who wou'd be thought ſo crafty,
Are now together by the ears;
And thence proceeds our Safety.

22.

The *Examiner* can tell does cauſe
Why they can never hit;
Or elſe, who e'er had dreamt it was
'Cauſe ſome had too much Wit?

23.

No matter tho how it came about,
Or on what fatal Night;
But this I'm ſure, when Knaves fall out,
Good Men come by their Right.

24.

The Duke of *Kent*, God bleſs his Grace!
Is going to *Hannover*;
And ſince things wear ſo good a face,
Our Fears muſt needs be over.

25.

Now Stocks may riſe, and all do well,
No Mortal can deny-a
But that the Crown's ſecur'd in Tail
On Proteſtant *Sophia*.

26.

Let honeſt Men together ſtand,
To hang this M———y;
And then we want, to ſave the Land,
No other Guaranty.

To an Opera Tune.

1.

ALL the World's in Strife and Hurry,
And the Lord knows when 'twill ceaſe;
Some for Intereſt, ſome for Glory,
Whilſt the Talk runs all for Peace.
Since the High-Church and the Low
Make all our Diſcords grow;
And the Great, who ſit at the Helm in doubt,
Know not how ſoon they may turn out:
How happy is he, who from Town
And the Factions of the Fools is free?
Who for Love, and not By-ends,
Serves his Country, and his Friends.
He ſhall ever, in the Book of Fame,
Fix with Honour a Glorious Name.

2.

He that was our Grand Purſe-bearer,
At his Levee no Crouds we ſee;
He that was our great Cauſe-Hearer,
Now no longer makes Decree.
And to ſhow the growing Evil,
And that Fortune is the Devil,
The Hero leading our Armies abroad,
Whom we late did celebrate like a God,
Has not one to drink his Health,
Unleſs a Friend put it about by Stealth.
A Whig is in diſgrace,
And a Tory in his Place.

iddles all, and ſomething is amiſs;
hat a Whimſical World is this?

An Excellent New Ballad, call'd, Illuſtrious GEORGE ſhall come. To the Tune of, The King ſhall enjoy his own again.

1.

HO *Britain* on to Ruin runs,
And all that's Faithful to her ſhuns;
t Providence, that's ever kind,
as ſtill a Bleſſing left behind:
Then Friends hearken well
To what I ſhall tell,
ll do it altho Superiors frown;
Before many Years do end,
The Times will amend,
nd George *at laſt ſhall wear the Crown.*

2.

et *Jacks* and *Tories* rave and rant
bout the Church, and ſuch-like Cant;
heir Kings and Queens may idolize,
nd teach them how to tyrannize:
But we our Property
Will maintain, and Liberty,
nd all ſhall ſtill enjoy their own;
So may you plainly ſee
How happy we ſhall be,
hen George at laſt ſhall wear the Crown.

3. Altho

3.

Altho Addreſſes up were brought,
And all were well receiv'd at Court;
In which, Hereditary Right
They aſſert with all their Force and Might:
Yet never deſpair,
The time's drawing near,
They all ſuch Aſſertions will diſown;
Tho the Court runs ſo high,
Yet their Ruin is nigh,
For George *at laſt ſhall wear the Crown.*

4.

'Tis true, our General's diſgrac'd,
And all our Miniſtry diſplac'd,
Our Friends forſook, and Credit loſt,
And *Spain*, tho Millions it hath coſt:
But our Great Houſe of Lords
Some hopes ſtill affords,
They'll *Tory* Meaſures tumble down;
And * Prophecies of old
Have always foretold,
That George *at laſt ſhall wear the Crown.*

5.

Now *R*———*n* rules without controul,
And makes the Commons but his Tool;
Yet his Attempts ſhall be in vain,
For *James* the Third ſhall never reign:
The Nation he betrays,
For which *France* pays,
But we his Treachery diſown;
And ſhall live to ſee the Day,
His Head ſhall for it pay,
George *comes o'er to wear the Crown.*

6.

Tho Fighting's grown quite out of date,
And Peace is got at any rate,
And *France* is become our High Ally,
Which once was fam'd for Treachery:
O whither can it tend,
To truſt to ſuch a Friend!
'Tis proof they all are frantick grown.
They certainly miſtake,
Wrong Treaties now they make,
For George *at laſt ſhall wear the Crown.*

7.

Then let us all united be,
And ever Friends to Liberty;
A chearful Glaſs will glad the Soul,
To *George's* Health fill up the Bowl:
And may he ever be
Bleſs'd with Proſperity,
May Fortune on him never frown;
And let us ever pray
For that Glorious Day,
When George *the Great ſhall wear the Crown.*

The Country Squire's Ditty. A Ballad. To the Tune of, To you, fair Ladies, *&c.*

1.

TO you, dear Topers, at the Court,
We Country Tories write:
We will no longer make you ſport,
Nor with ſuch Fools unite.
We are no Sheep for you to fleece,
Nor will be gull'd by ſuch a Peace.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2.

The Duke of *Cambridge*, whom God bleſs,
Comes in the nick of time;
And O——*d* ev'ry Day grows leſs
In Grandeur, not in Crime:
While others Ruin he debates,
His Head ſhall crown the City-Gates.
With a fa, la, &c.

3.

Or ſince his fav'rite *South-Sea* Trade,
He wou'd pretend to love;
We'll thither ſend the wiſe Lord's Head,
Their Projects to improve:
And when he's once remov'd ſo far,
Who doubts the Stock will be at Par?
With a fa, la, &c.

4.

Harry next we would advance
ome unlucky Hap;
we'll ſend him back to *France*,
et another Clap.
never bitter be the Pill,
te it if 'tis gilded well.
h a fa, la, &c.

5.

——*ps*, who has not Law nor Senſe,
new'd in *Dublin* Town,
ere was *Engliſh* Impudence
reater than their own:
Wild *Iriſh* let him fly,
one of their Miniſtry.
h a fa, la, &c.

6.

all Proteſtants combine
ift a Baſtard Race;
the *Hannoverian* Line,
ſlaviſh *Jacks* diſgrace:
d the preſent M——y
; out, *Hey Boys up go we!*
h a fa, la, &c.

A New Song. To the Tune of, *Marlborough* puſh 'em again.

1.

WHO mounts the loftieſt Dignities
By execrable Calumnies,
Prompts infernal Perjuries
Throughout our State of *Millan*;
Does promiſe what he ne'er intends,
Reſcues our Foes, betrays our Friends:
Is, whatever he pretends,
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

2.

Who prompts his Prince to give out Lyes,
With Shams and Ambiguities,
By Bribery blinds the Peoples Eyes
Of our beſotted *Millan*;
Our Debts who ſinks into the Sea,
Plunders a wealthy Treaſury:
Whate'er you ſay, he is to me
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

3.

Who blaſts our numerous Victories,
And yields to Fugitives the Prize,
Together with the Liberties
And precious Trade of *Millan*;
Our Sacred Altars does expoſe,
To be o'erturn'd by faithleſs Foes:
Will prove, I'm certain, in the cloſe,
A *Fool*, a Knave, a Villain.

4.

Who breaks a Nation's Conqu'ring Sword,
And takes a perjur'd Tyrant's Word,
Union diſſolves, and does diſcord
All Friendſhip throughout *Millan*:
Let little Souls, whom he prefers,
Exalt his Fame above the Stars,
To Men of Senſe he ſtill appears
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

5.

If perjur'd, leud, ambitious Prieſts
Turn ſacred Myſt'ries into Jeſts,
And into paſſive ſilly Beaſts
The Free-born Men of *Millan*;
Rebellion preach againſt the Prince,
To Tyranny Obedience:
He is, who grants them Preference,
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

6.

Who Traitors ſend, and Rebels back,
To trample on their Prince's Neck,
And yet pretends to pay Reſpect
Unto the Prince of *Millan*;
Who Rebels, without ſenſe of Shame,
Crowns with a regal Diadem,
Does to the World himſelf proclaim
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

7.

Let our Mob-Senate now addreſs,
And as they pleaſe themſelves expreſs,
And call the Danger of Diſtreſs
The Happineſs of *Millan*;

Term little ſordid Actions, great:
Yet all who Treaty-Breakers hate,
Will properly denominate
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

8.

Tho ſome degenerate Lords ſhould call
A Separate Treaty General,
The truly Great will ſtand or fall
With our once *Glorious Millan*;
And let th' aſtoniſh'd World to know,
They all diſdain to ſtoop ſo low,
And ſcorn the Puppets of the Show;
Thou Fool, thou Knave, thou Villain!

1.

GREAT *Marlborough's* quite forgot, Sir,
His Health now no more goes round;
For the Toaſt that is drunk,
By the Lady or the Punk,
Is the Doctor in the Sable Gown:
Sachev——l, &c.

2.

Tom Scarlet's now turn'd out, Sir;
Jack Tarr's quite out of favour:
For *Celia* ſwears
By the Petticoat ſhe wears,
That *Sachev——l* alone ſhall ſave her;
That *Sachev——l*, &c.

3.

'Tis Picture's in every Houſe, Sir,
The like was never ſeen;
For the Ladies in their Hall,
To make room for the Ball,
Pull down that of our Gracious Queen,
For *Sachev*——*l*, &c.

4.

'Tis Picture's now pull'd down, Sir,
That hung in every Room;
For *Mopſa* ſwears
By the Petticoat ſhe wears,
She would rather live with the Groom,
Than *Sachev*——*l*, &c.

Firſt Part. To the Tune of, Over the Hills and far away.

1.

GRanadiers, now change your Song,
And talk no more of Battels won;
No Victory ſhall grace us now,
Since we have loſt our *Marlborough.*

2.

You who have fought on *Blenheim's* Field,
And forc'd the ſtrongeſt Towns to yield;
Break all your Arms, and turn to plough,
Since we have loſt our *Marlborough.*

3. Where-

3.

Where-e'er we went, the Monſieurs fled,
Spying that General at our Head;
But 'tis their turn to bang us now,
Since we have loſt our *Marlborough.*

4.

Let other Backs that Drubbing take,
Whoſe Hearts are of the new-Set Make;
For ours can never to Bondage bow,
Who conquer'd under *Marlborough.*

5.

Phil, *Tom*, and I, let's dangle home,
We've nought to loſe, let who will come;
And ſince Whig-Credit runs ſo low,
We'll tope off a Pot to *Marlborough.*

6.

Here's to his Health, fill a Bumper round,
His Enemies pray God confound;
And ever reckon him *England*'s Foe,
Who voted out our *Marlborough.*

Second Part.

1.

GRanadiers, now change your Song,
Sing no more of Battels won:
But break your Swords, and go to plough,
Since you have loſt your *Marlborough.*
Sing over the Hills and far away.

2.

Denain ſing of O——d's Fame,
Villains ſing their O——d's Name;
we, our Honour ſtill ſo ſhow,
ill ſing the Praiſe of *Marlborough*.
Sing over the Hills, &c.

3.

hen you think of *Blenheim*'s Field,
here you made the *Frenchmen* yield;
hen your Gratitude to ſhow,
rink a Health to *Marlborough*.
Sing over the Hills, &c.

A New Ballad.

1.

NOW, now comes on the Tories Year,
Frenchmen have Hopes and *Britons* Fear;
Perkin intends to govern here,
And be our Faith's Defender.
For *France* is become our good Ally,
Th' Emperor too and the *Dutch* muſt ſo,
Unleſs they will bow to our M——y,
And *Flanders* and *Spain* ſurrender.

2.

A Health to our Gen'ral then begin,
Who left in the lurch the Brave *Eugene*;
With him let O——d too come in,
Who wrought about this Wonder.

Le

Let B——ts's Duke next to him take place,
And B——ke with his handſom Face;
Whoſe Courage and Wit are of a piece,
To make the Whigs knock under.

3.

Let *Prior* and *Swift* now receive their Due,
And *Gautier* their Proteſtant Blue,
And all the reſt of the High-Church Crew,
That are againſt *Hannover*.
With Hands and with Hearts, let us all now join
Againſt the Whigs and their Cauſe combin'd,
Until we have ſettled Right Divine
Upon our own *Come-over*.

King Edward's *Ghoſt: or, The King a*
the Cobler.

1.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story moſt merry,
Tho not of the Abbot of *Canterbury*;
But 'tis of King *Edward* of high Renown,
How his Ghoſt has appear'd at fair *Windſor* Town.
Derry Down, &c.

2.

ut what I have ſaid, is ſaid without heed,
often we make more haſte than good ſpeed:
though I ſaid merry, the Ghoſt of a King
ay God bleſs the Queen!) is a very ſad thing.
Derry Down, &c.

3. Upon

3.

Upon a fair Day, in Summer I trow,
At *Windſor* there was a very fine Show;
Our Nobles, all clad in gallant Attire,
March'd out of the Caſtle up into the Choir.
Derry Down, &c.

4.

But firſt it is meet that I ſhould unfold,
As brief as I can, what old Stories have told
Of *Edward*, this Monarch of very great Fame;
The Man whom I mean, was the Third of the Name.
Derry Down, &c.

5.

This *Edward*, in Armies, was famous for Proweſs,
Far greater and bolder than any one now is:
Two Kings at one time, his Priſoners he got,
The Tyrant of *France*, and eke the falſe *Scot*,
Derry Down, &c.

6.

Moreover, his Army did lead ſuch a Dance,
With the Help of his Hand, that he conquer'd half *France*;
And if any doubts theſe things have not been,
His Sword, in the *Abbey*, is ſtill to be ſeen,
Derry Down, &c.

7.

O *Lewis!* O *Lewis!* 'tis happy for thee,
That *Edward* don't live, thy Pride for to ſee;
Had thy Grandſon laid hands on *India* or *Spain*,
He, or the *Black Prince*, wou'd ha' ta'en 'em again.
Derry Down, &c.

8.

For all men of Valour, his Love it was ſuch,
That nothing he thought for a Warrior too much;
And therefore an Order for thoſe did erect,
Who their King or their Country could bravely protect.
Derry Down, &c.

9.

Such Heroes as theſe King *Edward* did deck
With a Collar of S'S, which hung round their Neck;
And alſo they wore, to ſhew their Exploits,
On their Breaſt, a great Star, on their Legs, *Honi ſoit.*
Derry Down, &c.

10.

So, as I was ſaying, ſix Nobles indeed,
March'd round *Windſor*-Caſtle in this very Weed;
When all on a ſudden, this Sight for to ſpy,
The Ghoſt of King *Edward* it came ſtalking by.
Derry Down, &c.

11.

Theſe Men, I preſume, quoth the King in a Trance,
Have help'd to pull down the Tyrant of *France.*
Tuſh! Tuſh! quoth the Cobler, who had taken a Cup,
No, theſe are the Folks who have juſt ſet him up.
Derry Down, &c.

12.

Thou ly'ſt, quoth the King, there's two innocent,
Then caſt he his Eyes on *B——t* and *K——e's*.
As for t'other Four, their Names you may ſpare,
They're Rogues, but they look like worſe Rogues than
they are.
Derry Down, &c.

13.

If theſe are the things my Order muſt wear,
Dear Cobler, I wiſh I had been what you are.
Tis a Farce, quoth the Cobler, would make a Man laugh:
Quoth the King, they're all Scoundrels; and ſo he ſtalk'd off.
Derry Down, &c.

An Excellent New Ballad, giving a full and true Relation how a Noble Lord was robb'd of his Birth-Day Clothes; and how the ſame afterwards appear'd, and were burn'd on the Pretender's *own Back at* Charing-Croſs, *February* 6. 1713. *To the Tune of*, To you, fair Ladies, now at Land, *&c.*

1.

YE Weavers all of *Spittle-Fields*,
And you of *Canterbury*,
Draw near, my pleaſant Ditty yields
Occaſion to be merry:
Trade ſhall revive, your Silks advance,
In ſpite of *Perkin*, and of *France*.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
Trade ſhall revive, &c.

2.

Ye Mercers too of *Ludgate-Hill*,
And *Covent-Garden* Square,
Till Trading mends, your Shops to fill
Employ at leaſt an Ear:

I ſing what Judgments do purſue
Thoſe who prefer the *French* to you.

3.

A Story ſtrange I ſhall relate,
Known well in Town and Court;
A dapper Lord was bilk'd of late,
And made the Rabble's Sport:
Who, ſlily plotting *England*'s Hurt,
Was juſtly ſtript to his very Shirt.

4.

A Lord of Trade, of Stature low,
Brother to *A*——*r M*——*r*,
Laid a Deſign to overthrow
Your Looms, and ſtarve the Poor:
Running rich Silks from Foreign Parts,
To break your Fabriques, and your Hearts.

5.

His Peareſt, who abroad was gone,
And knew right well his Meaſure,
Fitted his Clothes in *Paris* Town,
To do the Queen a pleaſure:
Deck'd him in Velvets and Brocades,
To make him ſhine among the Maids.

6.

But mark me, how this Trick did fail,
Tho deep the Plot was laid;
May never wicked Cheats prevail,
To ſteal the Workman's Bread!
A Searcher caught them in the Fact,
Before they could repeal the Act.

7.

The fine blue Coat, and gorgeous Veſt,
Were ſeiz'd in *Dover* Port,
And happily put in Arreſt,
Juſt going to the Court:
At which, my Lord did ſtorm and rant,
And *Gautier* join'd in the Complaint.

8.

He urg'd, the Treaty ſhould ſtand good
With thoſe who knew and made it;
And tho by ſome not underſtood,
No Stateſman ſhould evade it:
If ſuch ſhould ſet it at defiance,
There was an end of the Alliance.

9.

Theſe dreadful Threats did well avail;
For Orders ſtraight flew down,
They ſhould admit the Suit to Bail,
And bring it up to Town,
To give Appearance at the *Vine*,
Where Friends to *France* do often dine.

10.

The Searcher and the Taylor there
Did lovingly compound;
And while with Mirth, and Jolly Cheer,
The choiceſt Healths went round,
Tom Smith, the Taylor, waxing drunk,
Forgot, as you ſhall hear, the Trunk.

11.

My Lord impatiently did wait
Long in *St. Albans* Street,
And ſtood on tiptoes at the Gate,
The foreign Robes to meet:

When leaping out in haſte, to piſs,
Tom did the precious Cargo miſs.

12.

Whether ſome Whig, or ſtarving Weaver,
Did play Monſieur theſe Pranks;
You ought to bleſs their kind Endeavour,
And give them hearty Thanks:
Laud too the Youths, and *Jenny Man*,
Who ſtrive to help you all they can.

13.

To *Newgate* ſtraight, to learn his Fate,
His Honour drove apace;
And to the Maſters of the Gate
Did ſadly tell his Caſe:
Like Brothers they receiv'd my Lord,
But ſaid, 'Twas not before their Board.

14.

Then in *Crow-Alley*, to adviſe,
Down three Steps walk'd the Peer;
Conſulting, ſlily in diſguiſe,
That grave and antient Seer:
The Sage abruptly ſpoke in Tropes,
And mutter'd——*Charing-Croſs*——and *Popes*.

15.

Now mind the End, moſt ſtrange of all;
This Coat, which Magick Art
Could never conjure to the Ball,
Came freely to a Cart;
For in the Pope's fam'd Cavalcade,
Young Perkin ſhone in this Brocade.

16.

The Taylor ſaw it paſs along,
And, in his Lordſhip's Name,
Demanded it amidſt the Throng,
They ſhouted at his Claim;
And did into the Bonfire fling
His Lordſhip's Coat, his Lordſhip's King.

To the Tune of, Old Sir *Simon* the King.

1.

LE T's ſing in the praiſe of *French* Wine,
Which works ſuch Wonders of late;
Together with Brocades ſo fine,
As to put a new Face o' the State.

2.

King *Lewis* is a good humour'd Man,
O Lord who can it deny?
Since he ſends ſuch good Wine to Q. *A*——,
Left her M——y ſhould be a-dry,

3.

Left her M——y ſhou'd be a-dry;
And her Servants too, I ſuppoſe;
There's a good reaſon for it, for why
Pray look on the Tr——r's Noſe.

4.

On the Tr——r's Noſe, good lack!
Pray look on the Club of *October*,
Where of Noſes among the whole Pack,
You'll ſee few who look quite ſo ſober.

5.

For ſuch Virtue this Liquor has got,
That when once it is ſet upon Table,
'Twill make a Man look like a Sot,
But act like a Stateſman moſt able.

6.

Moſt Tipple will make Folks jar,
But this works clean the contrary;
It will ſoon put an end to a War,
And for Peace, loving Peace will prepare ye.

7.

This is ſuch Pacifical Liquor,
'Twill turn a Red Flag into White;
'Twill make a plain Man of a Tricker,
Make Col'nels and Captains go ſh——k.

8.

Make Col'nels and Captains go ſh——e,
And Generals too decline:
For why ſhou'd we ever go fight
With a Friend that ſends us good Wine?

9.

Then fill up a Bumper, my Friends,
Ingratitude is a Sin;
Here's a Peace to Old *Lewis le Grand*,
And a Health to Monſieur *le Vin*.

1.

AT the Bottom of the Chamber-Pot
The Doctor's Picture's plac'd,
Where in Corners they affront him,
And piſs upon his Face;
When a piſſing they do go, &c.

2.

The Whiggiſh Ladies they
Have ſhown their cunning Art,
By placing him to ſee
Their Non-Reſiſting Part,
When, &c.

3.

If this be Whiggiſh Modeſty,
I'll leave it to the Town;
To rail againſt the Doctor,
And piſs upon the Gown.
When, &c.

4.

They are rampant in Reſiſtance,
And paſſive in Obedience;
Altho their Hearts do hate him,
Their Parts pay him Allegiance:
When, &c.

5.

They rail againſt the Doctor
With Fury and Diſdain;
They drink to piſs, and piſs to drink,
And drink to piſs again.
When, &c.

HERE

HERE's a Health to the Queen,
Queen *Anne*, I do mean;
The Brave Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugen*
Lay your Lips to the Glaſs, and your Knees to the G
And ſo merrily, ſo merrily the Health goes round;
Round, round, and ſo merrily, ſo merrily, &c.

Nothing but Truth. A Ballad. T
Tune of, A Beggar of all Trac
the beſt.

1.

THERE was once a Glorious Q——
That fill'd G—— B——n's Throne;
She fought for all her good Allies,
And to preſerve her own:
When a Fighting we did go, did go, did go;
When a Fighting we did go.

2.

She had a certain General
That almoſt conquee'd *France*,
Both lov'd at home and fear'd abroad,
Where-e'er he did advance:
There a Conquering we do go, &c.

3.

At *Blenheim*, on the *Danube*,
He did the Empire ſave;
And at Ramillies, each Briton
From being made a Slave:
[redacted] *to* Paris *we did go*, &c.

4.

This Q——, when ſhe had ſaved thus
All *Europe* from its Fate,
She thought that ſhe muſt ſave *France* too,
And thought 'twas not too late:
For to U-trick *we did go*, &c.

5.

We ſtill had beat the *F——h* ſo,
The Q—— moſt wiſely thought,
They were not worth the conquering,
If they were not worth a Groat:
So to U-trick *we did go*, &c.

6.

To raiſe then a new Conqeſt
Fit for her Arms and Fame,
Whate'er ſhe'ad won of *France*,
She gave them up the ſame:
When to U-trick *we did go*, &c.

7.

Let no one e'er reproach her,
That Honour or that Gain
Invited her to Battel,
For there ſhe gave up *Spain*:
When to U-trick *we did go*, &c.

8.

She gave up all in *Europe*
For Caſtles in the Air;
G— B—— for the *S—— S—*,
And we may all go there;
If a Trading we will go, &c.

9.

She gave up all her Honour,
Her Treaties, and her Word,
In quitting of her Allies,
And *Charles*, for *J*—— the Third:
And to Lorain *we may go*, &c.

10.

What ſtrange Contradiction
We of late have ſeen,
A Conquering, and a Glorious,
And yet a Loſing Q——!
When to U-trick *ſhe did go*, &c.

11.

K—— *J*——*my* fights for *E*——*d*,
Q—— *A*—— did fight for *F*——*ce*;
And he that at *St. James's*
His Intereſt would advance,
To Paris *ſtraight muſt go*, &c.

12.

Now who can ſing her Praiſes
For all her Pity ſhown?
If *Ch*——*s* ſhould loſe the Empire,
And *J*—— ſhould have his own,
Then a Whiſtling we may go, &c.

13.

If *F*——*ce* ſhould take away our Trade,
And *J*—— ſhould take our Crown,
And Popery come in, to pull
Our Church of *England* down;
Then to Paris *we may go*, &c.

14.

But theſe are all but Follies,
Deviz'd by *Whiggiſh* Men;
For when our Trade, and all is gone,
We a'nt worth taking then:
For a Begging we ſhall go, &c.

15.

Then God bleſs our Wiſe Miniſters,
Who give up all our Trade,
That of *F*—— and the Pretender
We may not be afraid;
Since a Starving we may go, &c.

16.

To keep out *Rome* and Popery
Is eaſy, if we will;
But acting for its Intereſt,
We may be Churchmen ſtill:
And with Tories *we may go*, &c.

17.

Then God bleſs our Wiſe Miniſters,
Who have found out the Art
Of cheating them with Fancies,
But hate them in their Heart:
Then with Tories *we may go*, &c.

18.

Go on then with your Fineſſes,
You Men of *B*——*ſh* Iſle;
To ſave your ſinking Church and State,
Make neither worth your while:
'Tis no matter where we go, we go, we go,
'Tis no matter where we go, &c.

On Guiſcard's *Stabbing* Robin.

1.

ATtend good People, give an ear,
Liſten a while and you ſhall hear
What ſtrange Account *Guiſcard's* Affair
Will make in future Story:
How he was taken up and try'd,
And how he all the Facts deny'd;
How he was wounded, how he dy'd;
To *Britain's* endleſs Glory.

2.

If Fame be not miſtaken, he
Taking a turn, one, two or three,
By order of the Miniſtry,
Was ſeized in the Park, Sir;
And thence convey'd to a Room of State,
Where Privy Counſellors debate
The Grand Affairs of Church and State,
As ſome make their Remark, Sir.

3.

Young *Cato* firſt a Letter ſhows
Of Correſpondence with our Foes,
Which by Experience he well knows
Will no ſmall Profit bring, Sir:
In this the Proverb true we ſee,
Two of a Trade can ne'er agree,
For *Guiſcard* was no more than he
A Spy to the *French* King, Sir.

4.

The Abbot ſaw himſelf betray'd
By thoſe who all the Scheme had laid,
Whoſe Tool he all along was made,
To ſerve young *Perkin*'s Ends, Sir:
And therefore boldly out he drew
A Knife, whoſe Metal prov'd untrue,
And at good *Robin*'s Breaſt he flew,
Reſolv'd to fall with Friends, Sir.

5.

As ſoon as the noble *Ha*——*y* found
The Knife in his Breaſt had made a Wound,
The Council did to Battel ſound
Like Claps of Summer's Thunder:
Chairs and Standiſh, Ink and Pen,
To fly about the Room were ſeen,
But valiant *St. J*——*n* he ſtept in,
And made the Count knock under.

6.

In the Article of Danger he
Was ſo compos'd, that all agree,
For Preſence of Mind and Bravery,
He could be out-done by no Man:
And by the Greatneſs of his Soul,
Which did the Paſſion of Fear controul,
And kept his Spirit ſound and whole,
He ſure muſt be a *Roman*.

7.

A Noble and a Valiant Peer,
Prompted by Reaſon more than Fear,
Thought fit ſome time to diſappear
Under the Council-Board, Sir;

And Reaſon for his Elopement gave,
That ſure no Perſon that was Brave,
A Hand in ſuch a Fray could have,
Or draw his ruſty Sword, Sir.

8.

Another Duke, to ſee fair play,
Which he had never done, ſome ſay,
Thought it the moſt convenient way
To mount upon the Table:
And when their Safeties he had ſeen,
Put up your Swords, cry'd, Gentlemen;
For what can one Man do to ten?
To hurt you he's not able.

9.

And now, my Friends, I ſhould do wrong,
Could I forget in this my Song
To tell t' which ſide he did belong,
Before I end my Story.
Some ſay he was a Whig, but I,
By's being bred in Popery,
And being call'd Monſieur *L'Abbé*,
Declare him a rank Tory.

An Excellent New Song, call'd, The full Tryal and Condemnation of John *Duke of* Marlborough.

1.

I Now have an Ambition,
In this great time of News,
To tell you the Depoſition
Of the *Chriſtians*, not the *Jews*,
Againſt John *Duke of* Marlborough.

2.

Give ear then, Sons of *Britain*,
Of greater Crimes I ſing,
Than ever before were writ on,
Since the time of a Queen or a King;
All done by John *Duke*, &c.

3.

This Man by Conſtitution
Was made for Liberty;
He help'd the late Revolution,
On purpoſe to hurt Popery:
Did this John *Duke*, &c.

4.

The next great Crime of many,
His troubleſom Pride to ſhew,
Was marching to *High Germany*;
And who gave 'em that damnable Blow,
But this John *Duke*, &c.

5.

And more to mend the matter,
To his ſhame and reproach,

An Army he made take Water,
And their General ſent by Coach:
All prov'd on John *Duke*, &c.

6.

To ſhew his Whig-Devotion
In keeping the Sabbath-Day,
He the Murder at hateful *Ramelly* began
Upon a *Whitſunday*:
O Heathen John *Duke*, &c.

7.

Tho buſy in his Slaughtering,
His Avarice ran ſo high,
That rather than ſpare the moſt Chriſtian King,
He Ten Thouſand Pounds gave to a Spy:
O Covetous John *Duke*, &c.

8.

At *Audenarde* ſo ill to treat Foes,
And make poor Widows of Wives,
He took a delight to beat thoſe,
That never beat him in their lives.
O Cowardly John *Duke*, &c.

9.

Boufflers, a civil good Man,
Safe in his Trenches cloſe,
From *Mons* he made run like a Footman,
Tho bulwark'd as high as his Noſe.
Uncivil John *Duke*, &c.

10.

To every tender Chriſtian Ear,
When Crimes like theſe ſhall come;
I know not how they may abroad appear,
I'm ſure they ſound oddly at home:
Theſe Deeds of John *Duke*, &c.

11.

Some Facts to make the *French* undone,
I've prov'd upon him well;
And truly what 'tis he has not done,
Impoſſible 'tis to tell,
Of this John *Duke*, &c.

12.

To prove that all theſe things are ſo,
And not what Folks deviſe,
Was he ever the Man that once ſpared the Foe,
Or ever affronted the Allies?
This ſame John *Duke*, &c.

13.

Ghent, *Bruges*, and *Tournay* too,
And late the ſtrong *Bouchain*,
Of his own head he forc'd to obey too,
Tho wanting his Brother *Eugene*:
Hot-headed John *Duke*, &c.

14.

Of theſe immoral things he brags,
'Cauſe we take no notice at all;
You ſee with his pitiful *French* bloody Rags,
How he'as litter'd poor *Weſtminſter-Hall*.
O *ſlovenly* John *Duke*, &c.

15.

Nay, more he ſtill would fly at,
And all to mend the Peace:
Lord! how can we ever be quiet,
If we pardon ſuch Crimes as theſe,
In any but John *Duke*, &c.

16.

Twelve Years, it ſadly true is,
By taking Towns and Lines;
And baffling the poor King *Lewis*,
He has ſpoil'd the Pretender's Designs.
O Meddleſome John *Duke*; &c.

17.

Succeſs ſtill made him bolder;
And by the Monſieur's Fall;
He has paſs'd on this Iſle for a Soldier,
But it ſeems he knows nothing at all:
Earl P——t *ſays ſo. of* Marlboro.

18.

This Year for War he voted,
But we reſolv'd on none;
For Monſieur was ſure to be routed,
And then High-Church had been undone,
By Engliſh John *Duke*, &c.

19.

You ſee the Troops don't need him,
He's out, and in *France* they laugh;
And ſend any other to head 'em,
And I'll warrant old *Bourbon* is ſafe:
Keep back but John *Duke*, &c.

20.

For he, as Fame confeſſes,
That Kingdom meant to devour;
For which, and his heinous Succeſſes,
He's broke, and our Fears are all o'er.
Thus fell John *Duke of* Marlboro.

FINIS.